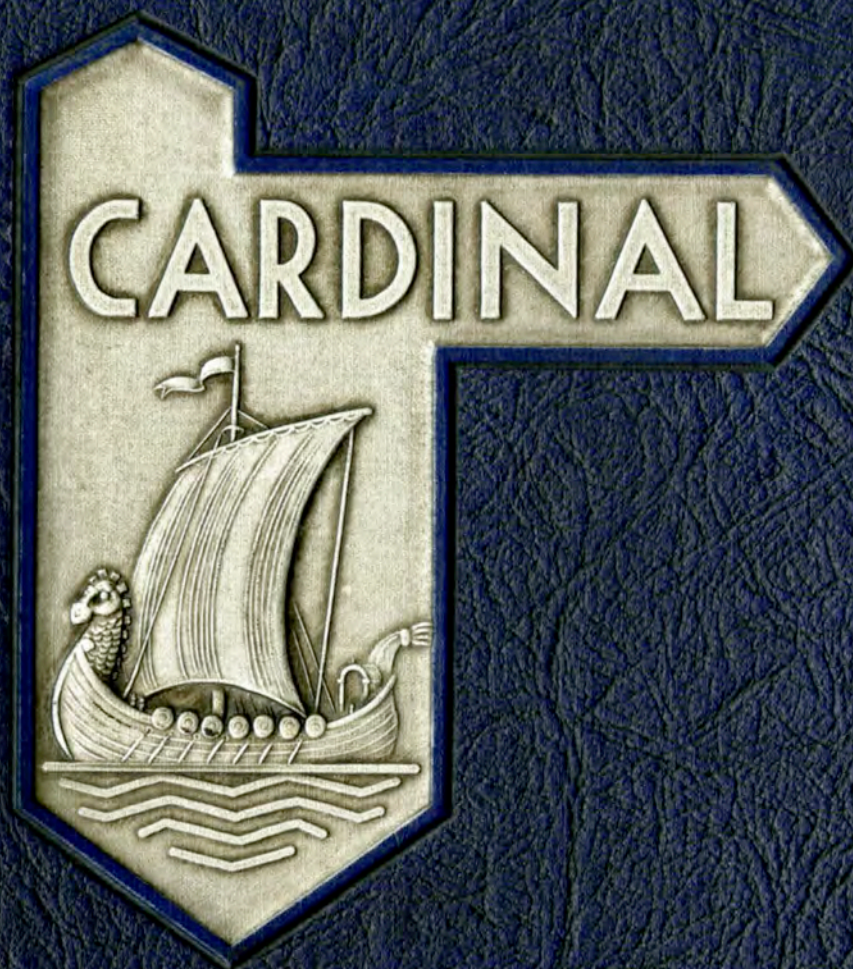
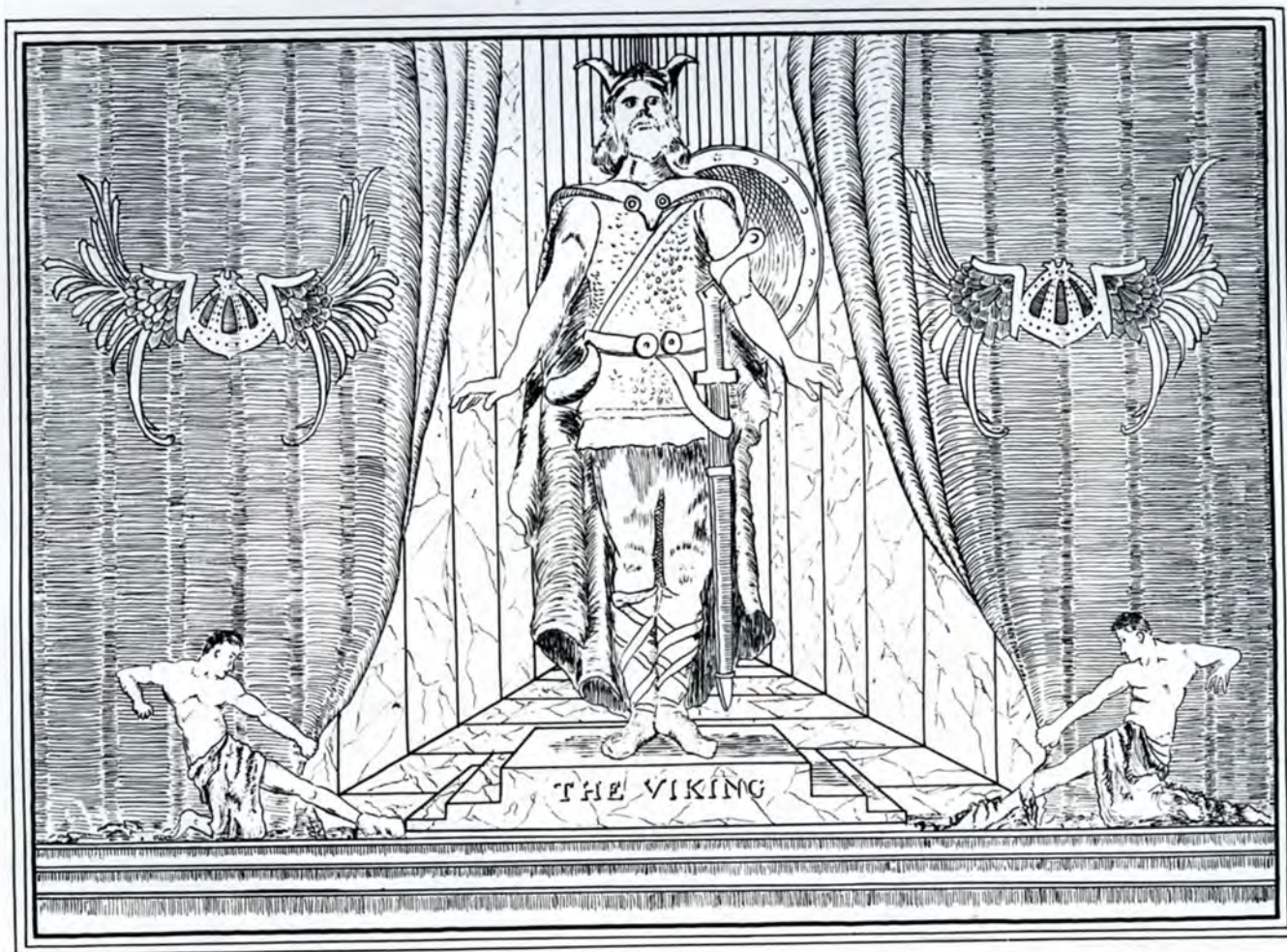


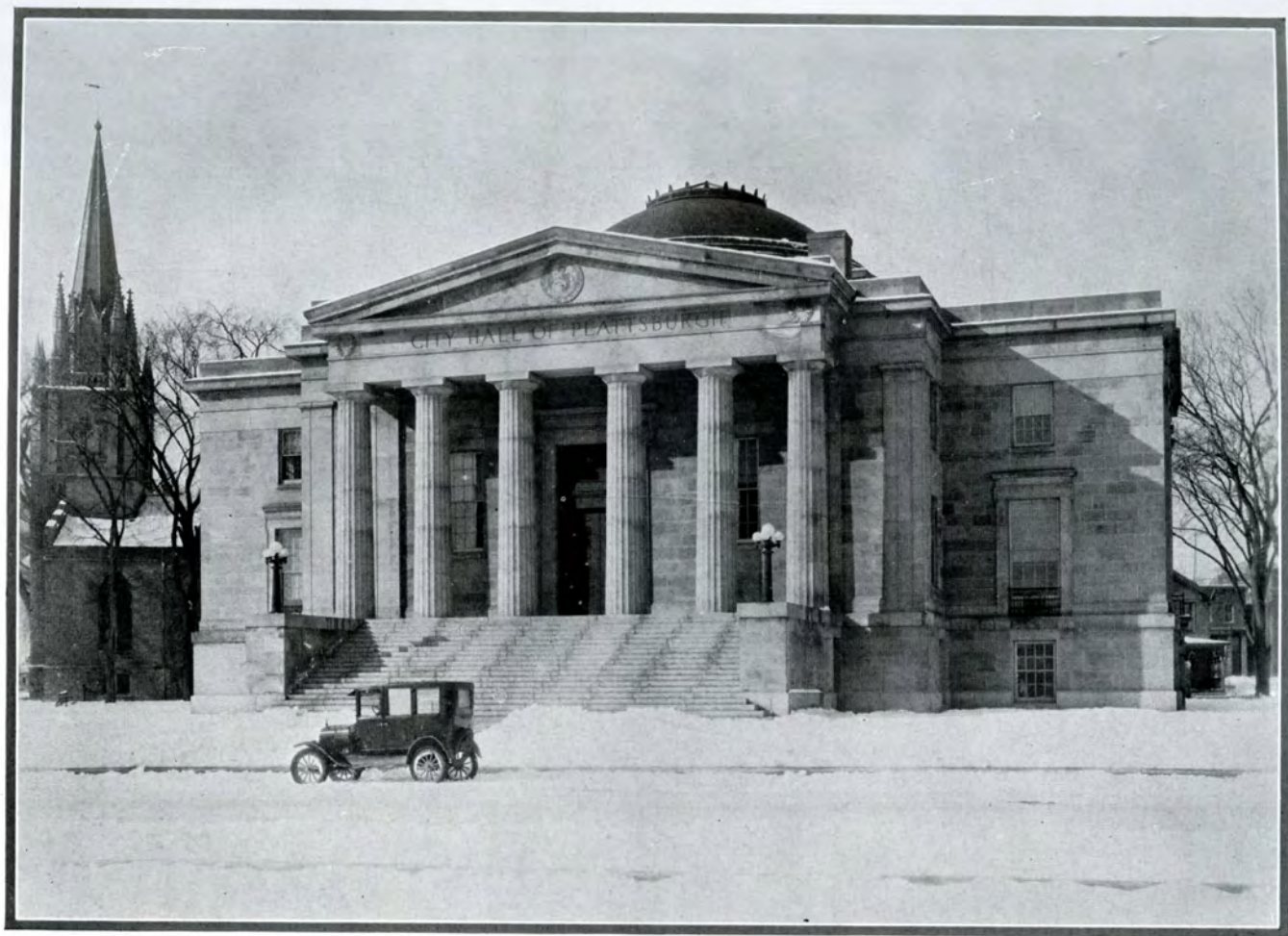
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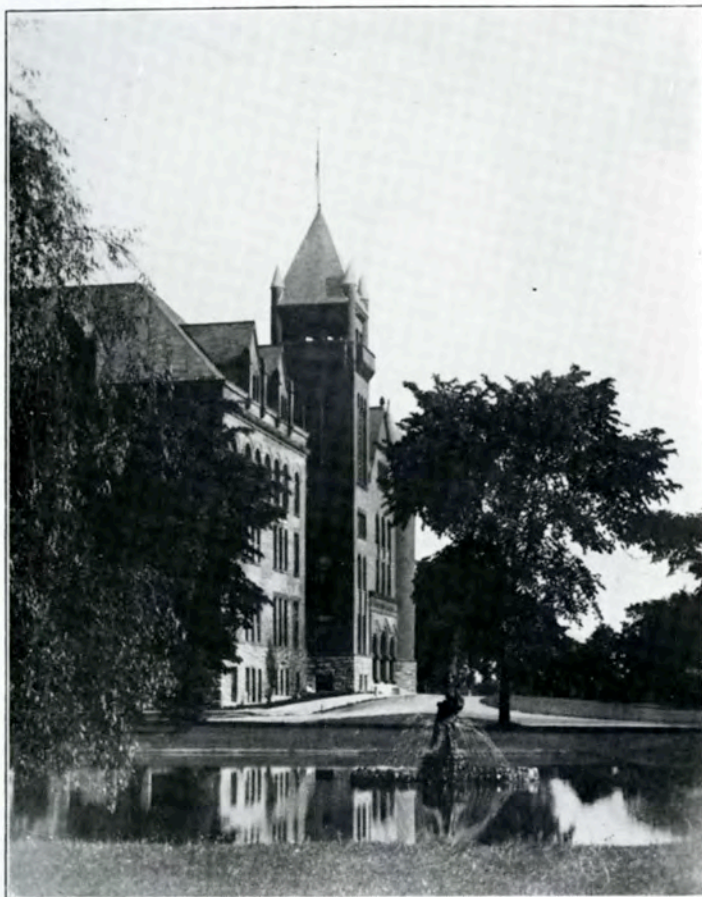
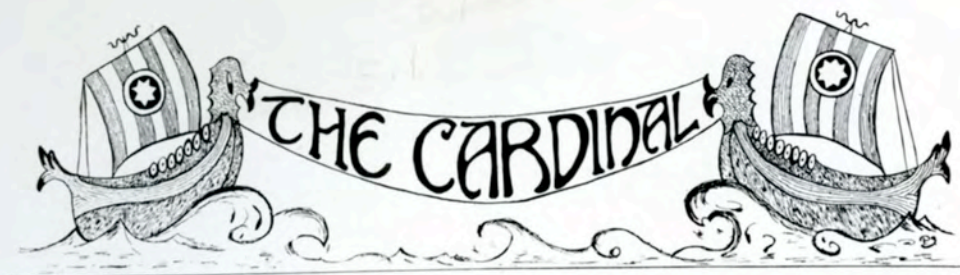


1931



Introduction

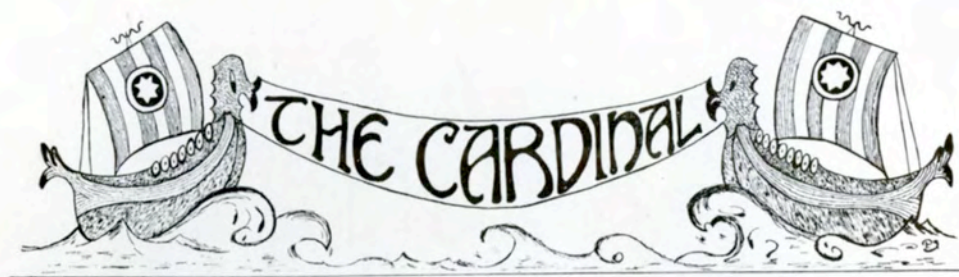






Foreword

Here in this book we view
Our last complete assemblage.
Believing that this volume
With its friendly faces and
Schoolday memories will give
Pleasure in the years that
Are to come, we face the
Future with happy anticipation.
Always will the 1931 Cardinal
Stand as a symbol of our
Pride in P. S. N. S.
A part of which we are
And always shall be.





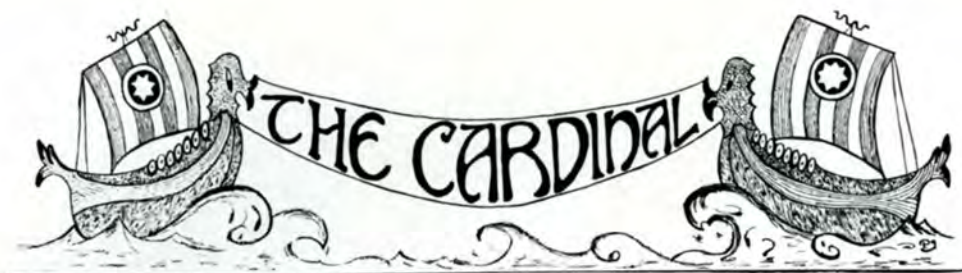
Dedication

As an expression of appreciation
to a cultured gentleman and a real man,
one who has been to us for three years a loyal
friend and a wise counselor,
we, the Class of 1931, take pleasure
in dedicating this 17th volume of the

Cardinal

to

John H. Rusterholtz



John H. Rusterholtz

Mr. John H. Rusterholtz was born in Erie County, Pa., where he attended the public schools.

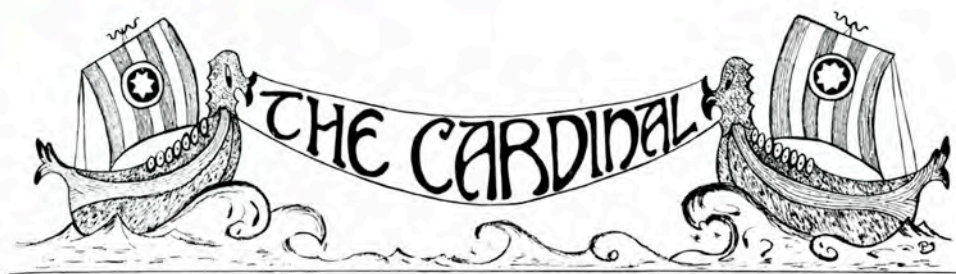
In 1910, he was graduated from the State Normal School in Edinboro, Pa. He received his Sc.B. in 1917, from the University of Chicago, and in 1927, he received his A.M. from Columbia University.

His teaching experience is a true index of a progressive man. His first position was in Gothenburg, Neb., as principal of the high school. Since that first position he has been: Principal of Township High School, Erie, Pa.; Head of the Science Department, Gridley High School, Erie, Pa.; Instructor in Science, University School, Cleveland, Ohio; Head of the Department of Chemistry, Academy School, Erie, Pa.; Head of the Department of Science, Saranac Lake High School, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

In 1926, Mr. Rusterholtz became a member of the faculty of Plattsburgh State Normal School. We now find his name on the roll of the summer school faculty as well as that of the regular session.

The class of 1931 was most fortunate in securing Mr. Rusterholtz as its faculty advisor during its Freshman year, and he has continued in that capacity for three years.

The class of 1931 extends to Mr. Rusterholtz best wishes for success in all his undertakings.



Answer to Dedication

To the Graduating Class of the Plattsburgh State Normal School:

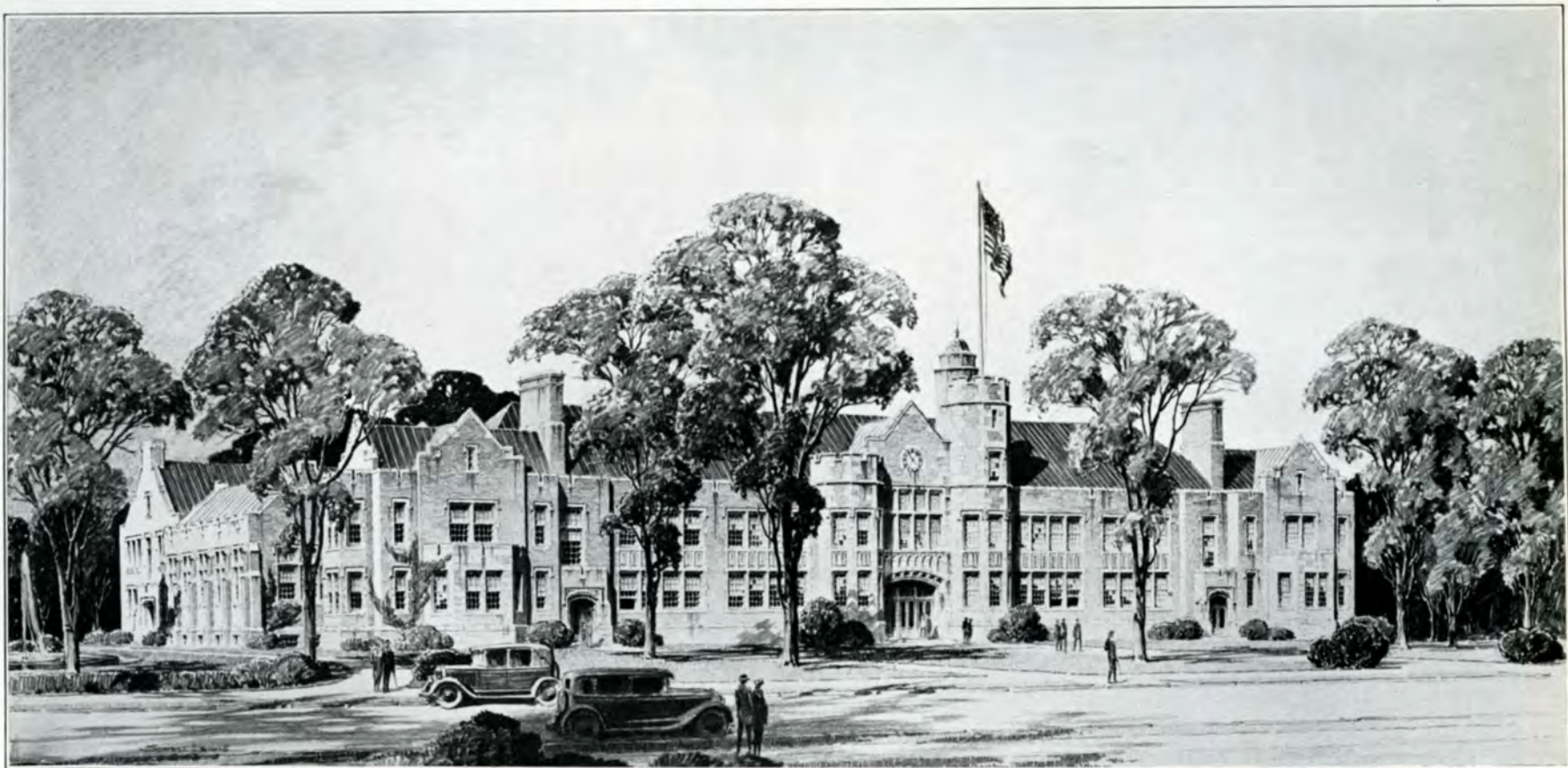
It gives me great pleasure to express to you my thanks for the honor of this dedication. From an experience of three years with the class, and personal acquaintance with the individual members, I have the fullest confidence in your future.

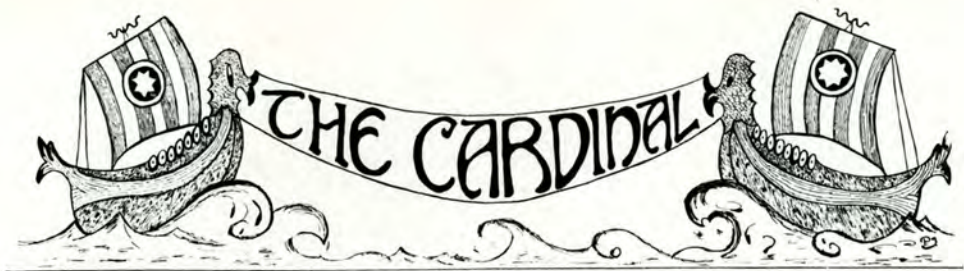
The one cardinal principle which I believe should be in the creed of every teacher may be summed up in the motto of a great university, namely: "*Crescat Scientia Vita Excolatur*" (Let knowledge grow, let life be enriched). Any influence that tends to suppress or thwart this growth and enrichment a true teacher regards as perilous.

The professional spirit which animates the successful teacher is essentially one of service. The compelling urge in teaching springs from a conviction that ignorance is bondage and that knowledge makes men free. Your work here has been characterized by expression of that spirit and of that dynamic urge.

May the goals you have set for yourselves and your daily practice grow more and more completely harmonious as you progress in your work.

John H. Rusterholz





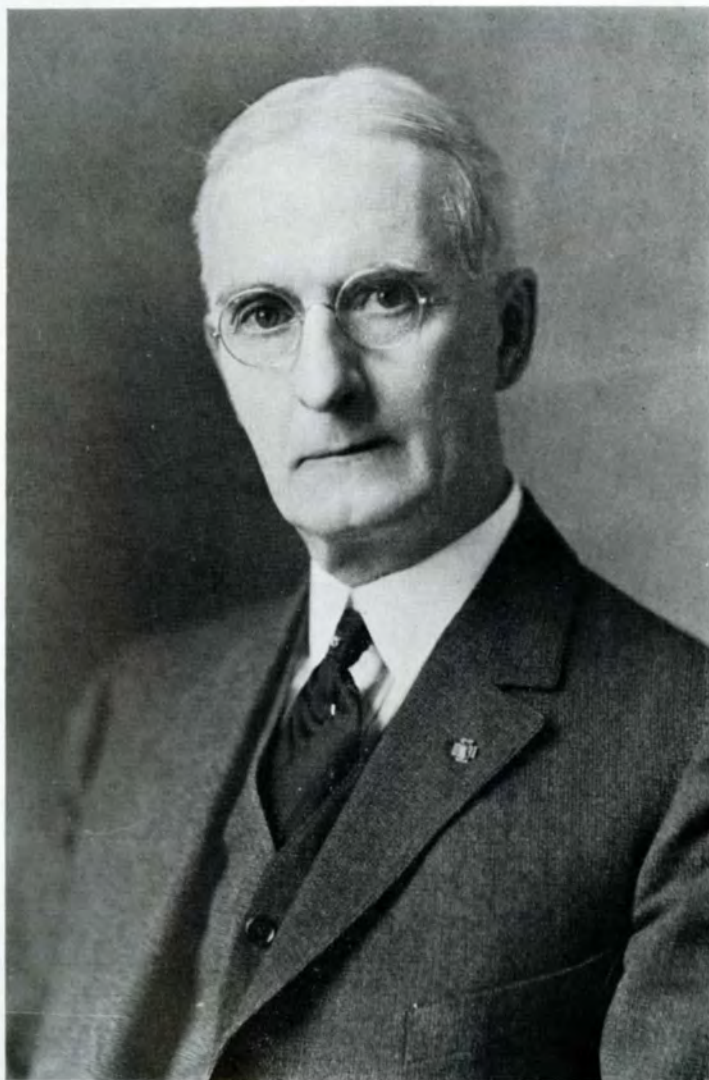
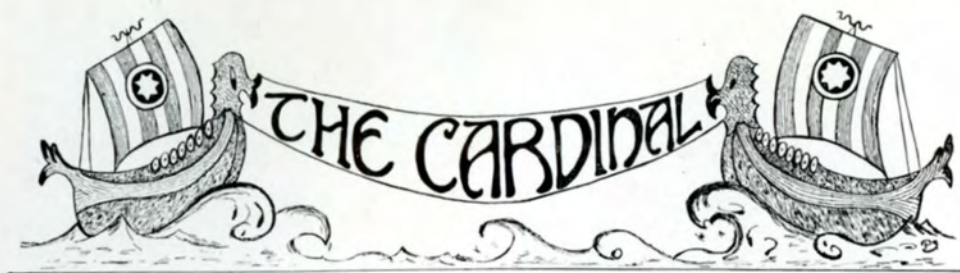
The Normal

They'll have a fine new building
And some new equipment too;
But they cannot change the campus
And they cannot change the view.
The students may be different,
The Commercials may be gone;
But there'll be the same old spirit
Across that dear old lawn.

We may not show the feeling
That leaving Normal brings,
But three years make a difference
In life and friends and things.
We've gained a different outlook—
Seen another's point of view;
We've lived in new surroundings,
And formed new habits too.

The things you've taught will linger
Though the old scenes change to new,
And we'll hold in happy memory
All the days we spent with you.
In the far dim distant future
Just the happy things will stay,
And we'll think of you and love you
As we journey on our way.

DORIS WOODEN, '31.



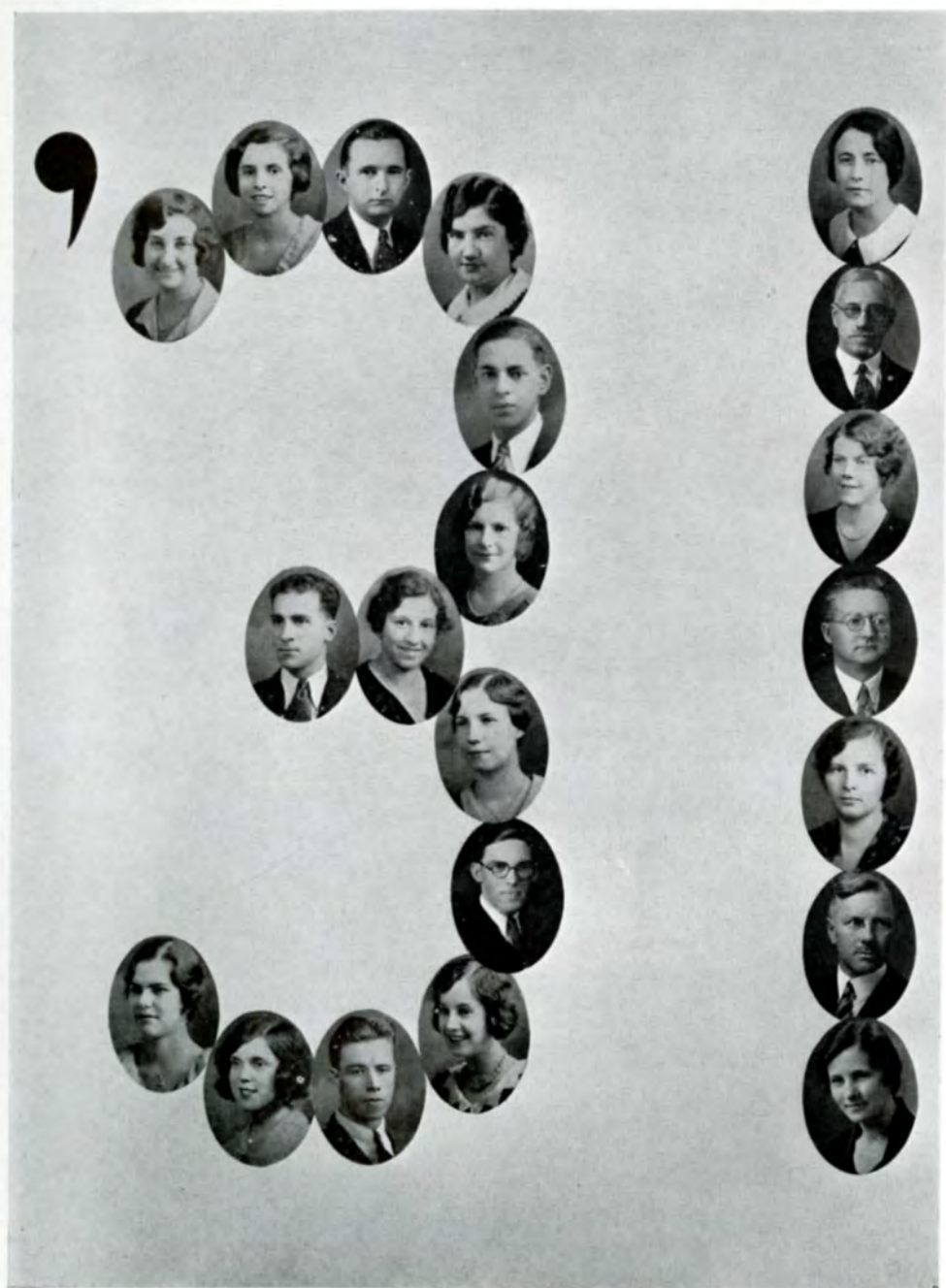


To the Class of 1931:

All of the facts of the world with which we are familiar and of which we have yet to learn exist merely for that procedure which you have chosen for the theme and purpose of your living—the education of man. Books, libraries, paintings, poetry, music, oratory, science, practical arts and all the varied human reactions in behavior to every recorded thought since time began, possess a spiritual unity and are but commentaries upon that ideal self which none of us has yet attained but which we all feel is not utterly unattainable.

Your value as great teachers, then, will consist not chiefly of dexterity in manual or even intellectual skills but in the deeper apprehension of that spirit which can also awaken other souls to greater appreciation and self-activity.

Geo. K. Harkins





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This Staff's Lament

*Getting out this book is no picnic—
If we print silly jokes, folks say we are silly.
If we don't, they say we are too serious.
If we publish original stuff, they say we lack variety.
If we publish from other books, we are too lazy to write.
If we stay on the job we ought to be out rustling news.
If we are out rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department.
If we do not print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.
If we print them, the book is full of junk.
Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from some exchange.
Well, so we did!*



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Fort Edward Collegiate Institute; Plattsburgh Normal School; Special Library Work, Chautauqua and Albany, N. Y.



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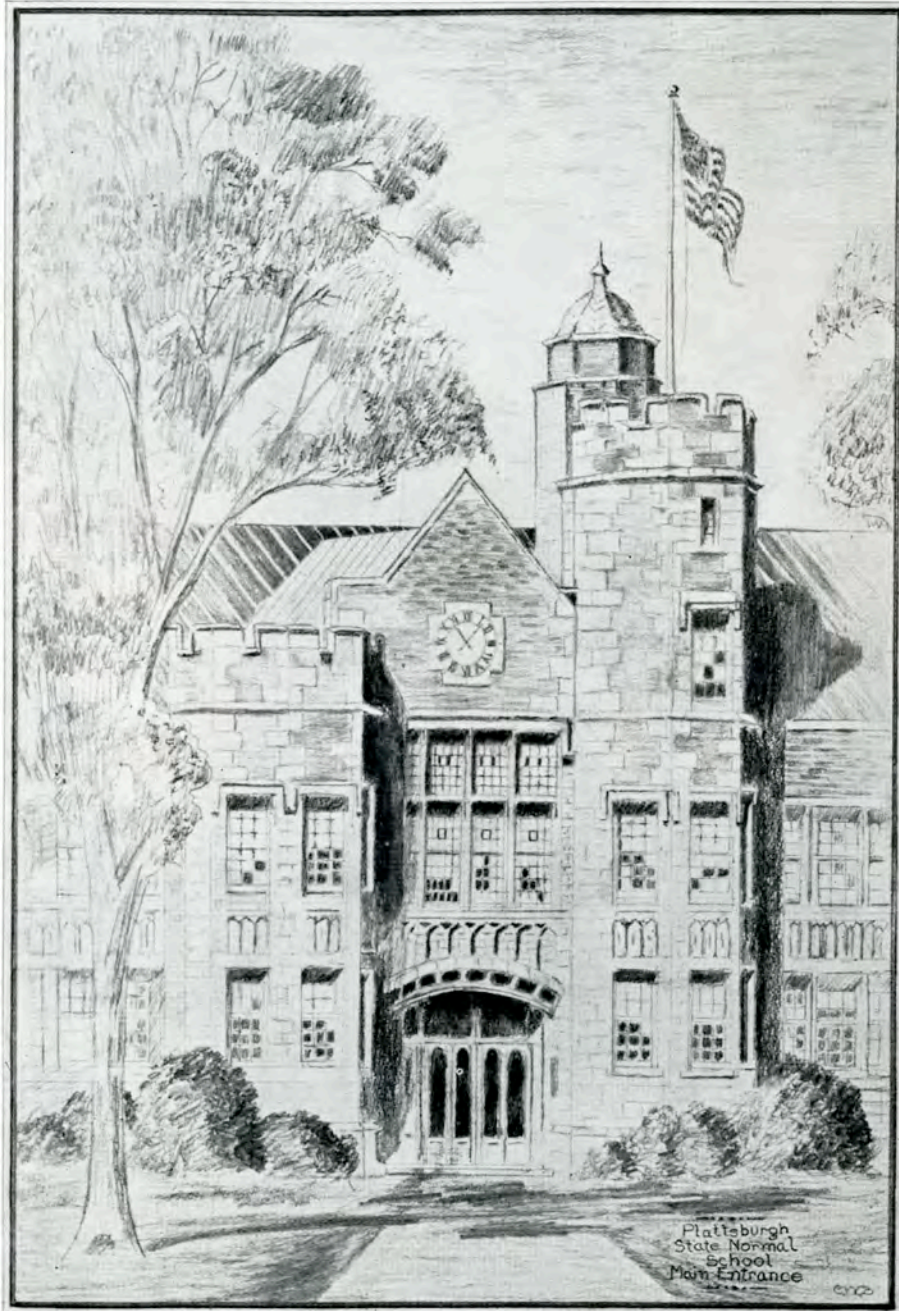


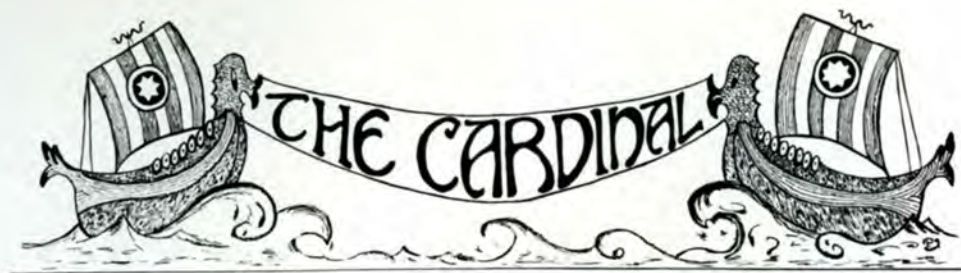
HALCYON LAPOINT RUSTERHOLTZ

Assistant in Commercial Education

St. Regis High School; Plattsburgh State Normal
School; Columbia University.







Judge (to prisoner): What is your name?

Prisoner: S-s-sam S-s-sission, S-sir.

Judge: Where do you live?

Prisoner: S-s-seventy s-s-seven S-s-surrey S-s-street, S-s-sir.

Judge (to policeman): Officer, what is this man being charged with?

Officer: Begorry, yer honor, Oi think he must be charged with soda water.

The height of slow motion would be two Scotchmen reaching for the dinner check.

Professor Noyes: Your last paper was very difficult to read. Your work should be so written that even the most ignorant will be able to understand.

Student: Yes, Sir. What part didn't you understand?

Minnie: Be yo' all sneezin', Honey?

Rastus: No, ah ain't sneezin' honey; ah'se sneezin' sneeze. What do yo' think mah nose is anyway, a bee hive?

Wilbur: I hear Mr. Thompson called you a blockhead. Is that so?

Vic: No, he didn't make it that strong. He just said, "Pull your cap down, here comes a woodpecker."

Two urchins were watching a barber singe a customer's hair.

"Gee," said one, "He's huntin' 'em with a light."

The street was thronged with thousands of hurrying pedestrians. Suddenly a woman's shriek rose shrilly above the noise of the passing throngs. "Give me air," she shrieked. The crowds gasped, then stood aside—and a woman triumphantly drove her car with a flat tire into the filling station.

Lillis Vaughan: Let's play house.

Francis Pierce: O.K. House your mother—house your father?

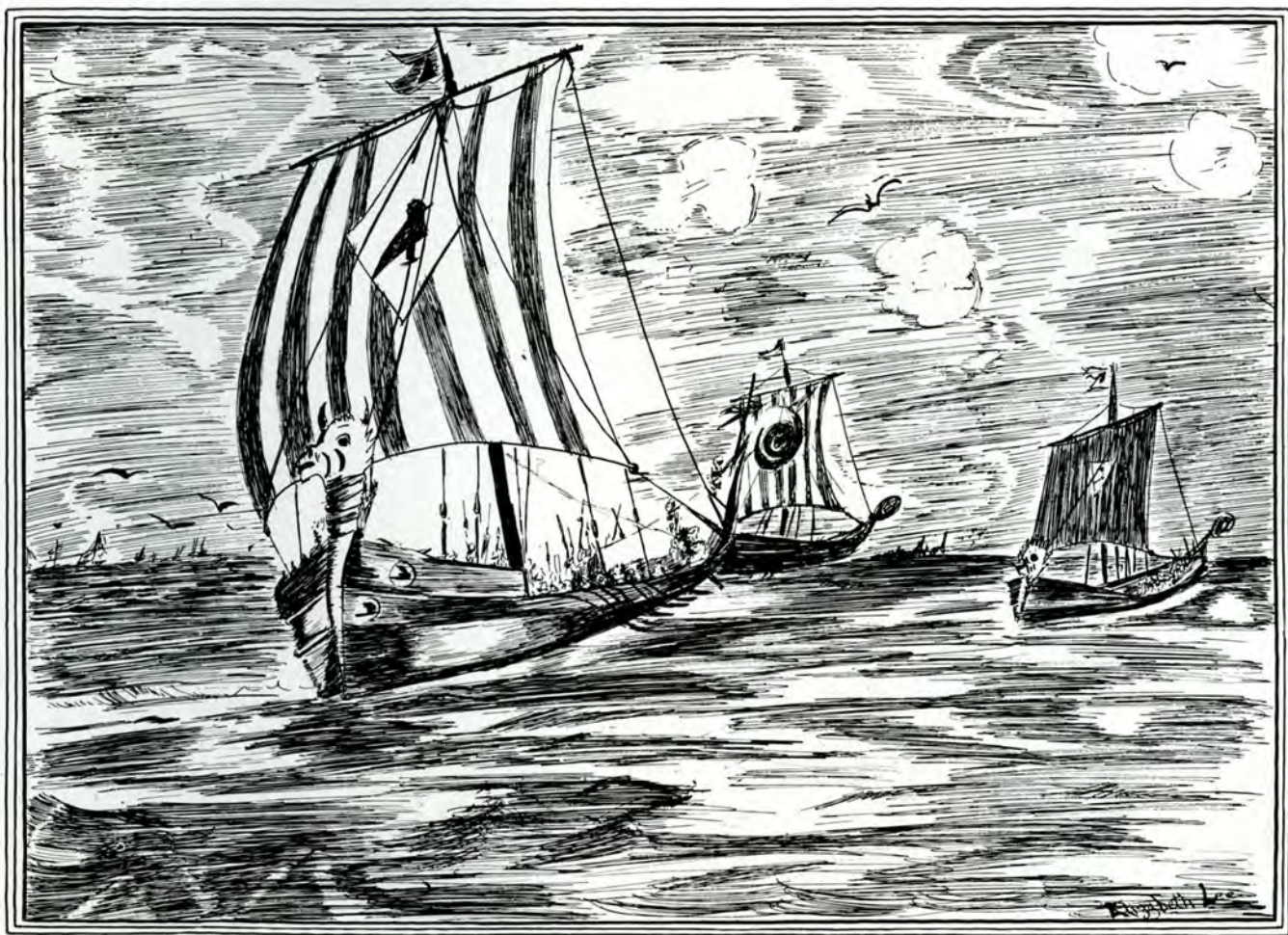
Mr. Hartman (to Ruth Gonyea): Rewrite this sentence: He don't like cards.

Ruth Gonyea: He don't like cards. He don't like cards.

Father (to youngster just out of bed): Now what are you crying about?

Little Bradford: I wanna drink.

Father: So do I; go to sleep.



Seniors



Senior Class Officers

<i>President</i>	CLAUDE WOOD
<i>Vice-President</i>	RUTH ARMSTRONG
<i>Secretary</i>	CHARLES FUNNELL
<i>Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH LEE

Class Motto—"Speak not Without Knowledge"

Class Colors—Blue and Silver

Class Flower—Yellow Rose

Class Advisor—John H. Rusterholtz



KATHERINE ALLEN

Commercial

Ausable Forks High School, Ausable, N. Y.

A Δ Θ

Junor Prom Committee; Alpha Delta Assembly
Program '31.

If she's happy
If she's gay
Then you'll know
She's our Kay.



"Kay"



"Armie"

RUTH ARMSTRONG

Commercial

Liberty High School, Liberty, N. Y.

A Δ Θ

Treasurer, Alpha Delta '30; Vice-President, Class
'31; Glee Club '29, '30; President, Alpha
Delta '31.

The girl from Liberty
Whose music's her specialty;
She's clever and blond
Of a Williams man quite fond
——— that's Ruth.

EDITH ARNOLD

General

Bloomington High School, Bloomington, N. Y.

Glee Club '29, '30, '31; P. S. N. S. Music Asso-
ciation '29, '30; Class Man Hater.

Then to the side with Truth is noble, when we share her wretched
crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be
just.—LOWELL.



"Edith"



"Glen"

GLEN S. AUSTEN

Commercial

Camden High School, Camden, N. Y.

B Σ

Δ Tri Kappa

President, Tri Kappa '31; "Twin Klef" Chorus; Orchestra; Men's Glee Club; Mixed Chorus; Corresponding Secretary, Tri Kappa '30; Honor Student.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Frequent trips to Buffalo have a large part in Glen's life; they say that like "Grape-Nuts," "There's a reason."

CORINNE BAHRINGER

Commercial

Monroe High School, Rochester, N. Y.

A Δ Θ

B Σ

Junior Critic, Alpha Delta; Social Secretary, Alpha Delta; Treasurer, Alpha Delta; winner, CARDINAL Poster Contest; Mid-year Ball Committee '29; Junior Prom Committee '30; Junior Assembly '30; Alpha Delta Assembly; Glee Club '29; Beta Sigma Assembly '30; Most Original; Alternate Convocation Delegate, Alpha Delta; Honor Student.

Corinne is a girl who is clever and wise.
In originality her future fame lies.



"Corinne"



"Rebecca"

REBECCA BAKER

General

Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Music Association '29, '30, '31; Glee Club '29, '30, '31; Mixed Chorus '30, '31; "Twin Klef" Chorus '31; winner, CARDINAL Poster Contest.

Quiet, with a kind assurance of sincerity and truth.



H. LOUISE BELANGER

Commercial

Clayton High School, Clayton, N. Y.

A Δ Θ

Recording Secretary, Alpha Delta '29; Social Secretary, Alpha Delta '30; President, Alpha Delta '30; Secretary, Interfraternity Council '30, '31; Senior Critic, Alpha Delta '31.

Brown eyes, and red-gold hair,
A quiet unassuming air,
Would that all the girls we meet
Could be so modest; smile so sweet.



"Louise"

FRANCIS M. BRATT

Commercial

Jamestown High School, Jamestown, N. Y.

Δ Clio

Leader, Clio Glee Club '29; Corresponding Secretary of Clio '29; Vice-President of Clio '30; Glee Club '29, '30, '31; "Twin Klef" Chorus '30; Mixed Chorus '30; Music Association '29; Normal Choir '31; Class Historian '31; Class Flirt.

"O Charlie is my darling," sings Frankie all day long
She's a clever, charming girl but we've all heard that song
She's jolly, she's merry, she's awfully bright,
But we just hear "Charlie" from morning till night.



"Frankie"

MARIE E. BRELIA

Commercial

Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Maiden! with the fair brown tresses
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead
Cloud wreaths of its sky.



"Marie"



"Mildred"

MILDRED BRODERICK

General

Chazy Central Rural School, Chazy, N. Y.

Δ Clio

Glee Club '29, '30, '31; Music Association; Vice-President, Clio '31; Critic, Clio; Mixed Chorus '31.

Prim, demure and friendly,
With a glint of laughter in her eyes,
As a model of dependability
She certainly is a prize.

HELEN BROMLEY

General

Peru High School, Peru, N. Y.

B Σ

Glee Club '29, '30; President, Beta Sigma '30; Secretary, Beta Sigma '29; Literary Editor, CARDINAL; Vice-President, Class '30; Invitation Committee '31; Honor Student; Honorable Mention in CARDINAL Story Contest '31.

Her merits are many,
Her skills are rare,
Who could outnumber
Her charms so fair.



"Helen"



"Kay"

KATHERINE E. BROWN

General

Chazy Central Rural School, Chazy, N. Y.

Glee Club '29, '30; Orchestra; Honor Student.

A mind to conceive, a hand to execute, and the will to work.



J. RAYMOND BROWN

Commercial

Antwerp High School, Antwerp, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

Orchestra '29, '30, '31; Interfraternity Council;
Football '29; Glee Club; Mixed Chorus.

It's always fair weather when good fellows get together.



"Ike"



"Brun"

IRENE C. BRUNO

Commercial

Sodus High School, East Williamson, N. Y.

Α K Φ

Class Treasurer '30; Financial Secretary, Α K Φ
'30; Vice-President, Α K Φ '31; Glee Club
'29; Junior Prom Committee.

Silence is deep as eternity; Speech is shallow as time.

MARY E. CAREY

General

Chateaugay High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Love, sweetness and goodness in her person shin'd.—MILTON.



"Mary"



"Peg"

MARGARET F. CATHCART

Commercial

Newburg Free Academy, Newburg, N. Y.

A Δ Θ

Secretary, Athletic Association '29; Secretary, Class '30; Junior Critic, Alpha Delta; Guard, Alpha Delta; Recording Secretary, Alpha Delta; Mid-year Ball Committee '29; Alpha Delta Assembly '30; Glee Club '29; Honor Student.

How oft' hereafter rising shall we look
Thru' this same Garden after her—in vain!

Yes, it's Peggy, our Alpha Delta sister, loved by one
and all, and we're going to miss her. Who could
resist such a charming little person with her quick
wit and snappy brown eyes—anyhow?

CECELIA A. CHASZER

Commercial

Massena High School, Massena, N. Y.

Music Association '29, '30, '31; Glee Club '29,
'30, '31; Mixed Chorus '31.

Life is the game that must be played;
This truth at least, good friends, we know;
So live and laugh, nor be dismayed
As one by one the phantoms go.



"Cel"



"Judge"

JOHN E. COLLINS

Commercial

Port Henry High School, Port Henry, N. Y.

Δ T X

Vice-President, Δ T X '30; Guard, Δ T X '30, '31;
Glee Club '30; Δ T X Minstrel.

He's always so agreeable
We surely like his style.
There's something irresistible
When John begins to smile.



LORYNE B. CONNICK

Commercial

Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

Junior Prom Committee; Cap and Gown Committee; Glee Club; Mixed Chorus; "Twin-Klef" Club; Best Natured; Most Obliging.

"Lornie," a blonde curly-headed Vermonter—yes, he was born in Montpelier—makes his chief avocation congeniality, and his vocation letters to Oneonta. Through his helpfulness and assistance as stage man much of the credit for the success of the assembly programs and the CARDINAL Play is due him.



"Curley" "Buttercup"



"Ethel"

ETHEL I. COTA

Commercial

Canton High School, Canton, N. Y.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.

KATHRYN DAWES

Commercial

Clinton High School, Clinton, N. Y.

Δ Clio

Vice-President, Clio; Treasurer, Clio; Junior Critic, Clio; Glee Club '29; Music Association '29, '30; Mixed Chorus '30; President, Clio '31.

They say a life of struggle grim,
Of facing every task;
Will get you some place in the end—
But where, if I may ask?



"Kay"



"Bruce"

BRUCE G. DEANE

Commercial

Oswego High School, Oswego Normal, Oswego, N. Y.

Δ T X

Football '29; Δ T X Minstrel '29; Δ T X Guard '28, '29; Basketball '29, '30, '31; Glee Club '31; Music Association; Treasurer, Music Association; "Twin-Klef" Club; Mixed Chorus; Δ T X Assembly Program; Choir; Athletic Association '28, '29.

Bruce excels at boxing.
He does so many things
It's hard to choose what he does best
But we like the way he sings.

MARGARET DEVANY

Commercial

High School of Commerce, Yonkers, N. Y.

A K Φ

Outdoor Club '29; Glee Club '29, '30; Librarian, Glee Club '29; *Gazette* Editor, A K Φ '30; Recording Secretary, A K Φ '30; Mixed Chorus '31; Freshman Class Color Committee; President, A K Φ '31.

Wit is the salt of conversation.



"Peg"



"Agnes"

AGNES COFFEY DOWNS

Peru High School, Peru, N. Y.

Gone, but not forgotten.
"Requiescat in pace."



AGNES DUGAN
General

Mechanicville High School, Mechanicville, N. Y.

Music Association.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.—LOWELL.



"Duggie"

MARGARET DUNN
Commercial

Port Washington High School,
Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.

B 2

Freshman Color Committee '29; Junior Prom
Committee '30; Chairman, Commencement
Invitation Committee; Alumni Editor, CAR-
DINAL; Class Grind; Honor Student.

Such big words—
From such a small miss!
Won't you tell us, Margaret,
Where you learned all this?



"Peg"

WILBUR EDMONDS
Commercial

Keene Valley High School, Keene Valley, N. Y.

Orchestra; Glee Club; Mixed Chorus; "Twin-
Klef" Club; Treasurer, Class '29; President,
Mixed Chorus; Senior Assembly '31; Best
Boy Dancer; Best Looking Boy.

There's music in the air
When Edmonds is around;
When those Agitators start,
Boy, how they can pound.



"Crooner"



"Maidie"

MARION EVERLETH
General

Dannemora High School, Dannemora, N. Y.

Music Association '30; Honor Student.

When she's quiet as can be
I say to you "Beware!"
Just take one peek into her eyes
And see the laughter there.

MAXINE FITCH
Commercial

Wilson High School, Wilson, N. Y.

A K Φ

Choirster, A K Φ '29; Recording Secretary, A K Φ '30; Vice-President, A K Φ '30; A K Φ Assembly Program '31; Cap and Gown Committee; Best Natured Girl.

I am pining for a pin to use in pinning.



"Max"

MARIAN ADELLE FRASER
Commercial

Fosdick-Masten Park High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

A K Φ

B Σ

Vice-President, A K Φ '30; Mid-year Ball Committee '29; Secretary, Beta Sigma '30; Glee Club '29; Outdoor Club '29; Beta Sigma Assembly '31; A K Φ Assembly Program '31.

It's a great life, if you know how to run it.



"Del"



CHARLES FUNNELL

Commercial

Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

Secretary, Senior Class '31; President, Interfraternity Council '31; Vice-President, Tri Kappa '30, '31; Secretary, Tri Kappa '31; Editor, *Kappan* '29, '30, '31; Assistant Business Manager, *CARDINAL*; Interfraternity Council '30, '31; Business Manager, "Laff That Off" '30; Glee Club '31; Mixed Chorus '31; Treasurer, Tri Kappa '31.

Charlie likes color
What more can be said?
And of all other colors
He sure prefers red.



"Charlie"



"Gad"

JOHN GADWAY

Commercial

Lyon Mountain High School, Merrill, N. Y.

Δ T X

Football '28; orchestra '29, '30, '31; Mixed Chorus; Glee Club '30, '31; "Twin-Klef" Club; Δ T X Minstrel '29; Most to be Admired.

Our hats go off to John,
He sure deserves our praise.
We know he's headed straight
For success, one of these days.

EVA GAMBLE

Commercial

Corning Northside High School, Corning, N. Y.

A K Φ

Financial Secretary, A K Φ '30; A K Φ Convocation Delegate '30, '31; Outdoor Club '29; A K Φ Mock Wedding '31; A K Φ Guard '29; A K Φ Vice-President '31.

The world belongs to the energetic.



"Eve"



"Flo"

FLORENCE GLEASON

Commercial

Hutchinson Central High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Assistant Literary Editor, *CARDINAL*; Cap and Gown Committee; Mid-year Ball Committee '29; Honor Student.

If brains could be absorbed
We'd vote to sit near you.
We'd spend our day in praying
There'd be enough for two.

FLORENCE GONYEA

General

St. John's High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

A K Φ

Cap and Gown Committee; Choirster, A K Φ '31; Music Association '29, '30, '31; "Twin-Klef" Club; Senior Assembly Program; Glee Club, '29, '30, '31.

Sweet and simple but always the same.



"Flo"



"Eleanora"

ELEANORA HAAK

Commercial

St. Johnsville High School, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Honor Student.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.



BERNICE E. HALE

Commercial

Montpelier High School, Montpelier, Vt.

B Σ

President, Beta Sigma '31; Most Intellectual.
Valedictorian.

Oh, woman of wisdom!
Would that we too
Could boast brains like yours,
Or possess your I. Q.



"Bunny"



CATHERINE B. HAMILTON

General

Palm Beach High School, Palm Beach, Fla.

Glee Club '29, '30; Mixed Chorus '29; Music Association '30, '31.

She's so friendly and so dear,
We are happy when she is near.
She's so merry and so sweet
Without her we're not quite complete.

"Kitty"

ERIC HALFDAN HANSEN

General

Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Football '29; CARDINAL Representative '30; Junior Prom Committee; Business Manager, CARDINAL, "Laff That Off"; Science Assembly Program Committee; Glee Club; Mixed Chorus; "Twin-Klef" Club; Music Association '29, '30, '31; Choir '30, '31; Basketball '28, '29; Junior Class Program Committee; Class Orator; Athletic Association '28, '29.

Eric is an athlete,
Is business manager and can act and sing,
But we understand he does his best
For a little girl named King.

Thirty-nine



"Suede"



"Art"

ARTHUR OWEN HARVEY

General

Mt. Assumption Institute, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

This man is so industrious
An example for the rest of us.
Not too gloomy, nor too gay,
He always smiles the same old way.

GENEVIEVE HARVEY

General

St. John's High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

B Σ

Glee Club '29, '30, '31; Music Association '30.

Filled with humor and wit,
Spicy? Yes—a bit;
But under all, sincere and true,
Is "Gen," a classmate—"here's luck" to you.



"Gen"



"Peg"

MARGUERITE HELEN HAWLEY

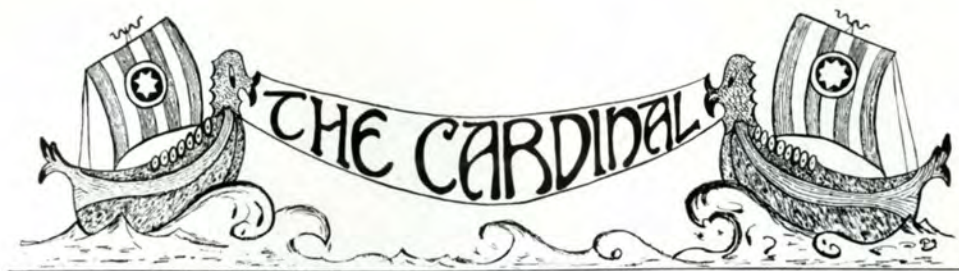
Commercial

Red Creek High School, Red Creek, N. Y.

A K Φ

Glee Club '29, '30, '31; Music Association '29, '30, '31; Mixed Chorus '31; Recording Secretary, A K Φ '30; Best Looking Girl; Senior Critic, A K Φ '31.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.



MABEL M. HORSTMAN

Commercial

Freeport High School, Freeport, L. I., N. Y.

A Δ Θ

Athletic Association '29; Glee Club '29, '30;
Music Association '29, '30; Mixed Chorus '30,
'31; Treasurer, Mixed Chorus '30; Vice-
President, Alpha Delta '30; Guard, Alpha
Delta '30; Mid-year Ball Committee '29;
Honor Student.

The name of her ship is Ambition,
The port of her ship—Success.



"Mabel"



IRENE M. HOSLEY

General

Long Lake High School, Long Lake, N. Y.

Δ Clio

B Σ

Music Association '30.

She arrived a little late it's true
But she soon made up for that,
And to such a rollick wit as hers
We all must doff the hat.

"Rene"

ELSIE I. IRWIN

Commercial

St. Johnsville High School, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

B Σ

Glee Club '29, '30, '31; Music Association '29, '30,
'31; Beta Sigma Assembly Program; Mixed
Chorus '30, '31; Honor Student.

At first we thought it should be "Y"
But then we learned it was an "I."
But "I" or "Y," what's in a name?
For we like Elsie just the same.



"Liz"



"Betty"

RUTH ELIZABETH JONES

Commercial

Jamestown High School, Jamestown, N. Y.

Δ Clio

President, Clio '31; Corresponding Secretary, Clio '29; Senior Critic, Clio '30; Teller, Clio '29; President, Glee Club '30; Music Association '29, '30; Glee Club '28, '29, '30; Mixed Chorus '30.

My great lack of wisdom embarrassed me once
But at last I've acquired more guile.
When a subject comes up I know nothing about,
I just smile a superior smile.

LENA M. JUBERT

Sciota, N. Y.

Honor Student.

When you get down in the mouth, think of Jonah;
He came out all right.



"Lena"



"Vic"

VICTOR KELLEY

Commercial

Δ T X

Mt. Assumption Institute, Plattburgh, N. Y.

Glee Club '29; President, Δ T X '30; Guard, Δ T X '29; Mixed Chorus '31; Δ T X Minstrel, Assistant Advertising Manager; Interfraternity Council '31.

There must be some good reason
That you linger in the hall,
But though you get a lot of teasin'
We don't blame you at all.



MARY AGNES KELLY
General

Mt. St. Joseph's Academy, Rutland, Vt.

Glee Club '29; Music Association '30.

Mary's winsome Irish eyes
That hearts of men beguile,
Mary's happy Irish laugh,
Mary's Irish smile.



"Pat"



"Marie"

MARIE E. KINNEY
Commercial

Gloversville High School, Gloversville, N. Y.

A K Φ

President, A K Φ '30; Financial Secretary, A K Φ '28; *Gazette* Editor, A K Φ '29; Outdoor Club '29; Glee Club '29, '30; Freshman Colors Committee '29.

Close am I, so close to wedding bells.

PEARL CATHERINE LAPLANT
General

Chazy Central Rural School, Chazy, N. Y.

Glee Club; Mixed Chorus.

You just couldn't call it a drag,
Oh, no! It is not that at all—
Because, though the teachers are under her charm,
A student took quite a fall.



"Pearl"



"Bob"

ROBERT E. LASHER

Commercial

Smyrna High School, Smyrna, N. Y.

Glee Club '29, '30, '31; Librarian, Glee Club;
Mixed Chorus '30; Class Day Decoration
Committee '30; Class Sheik.

If the A's only came to him
The way the women do,
Then his greater love for Nature
Would be preferring "Rivers," too.

ELIZABETH RETA LEE

General

Mechanicville High School, Mechanicville, N. Y.

Α Δ Θ

Recording Secretary, Alpha Delta '30; Senior
Critic, Alpha Delta '31; Alpha Delta Play
'30; Senior Class Treasurer; Junior Critic,
Alpha Delta '29.

Betty Lee is a charming girl,
Betty Lee is clever,
Betty'd love to draw and sketch
Forever and forever.



"Betty"



"Ann"

ANN LEVARN

Commercial

Granville High School, Granville, N. Y.

Δ Clio

President, Clio '31; Vice-President, Clio '29; Vice-
President, Glee Club '29; Glee Club '29, '30,
'31; Mixed Chorus '31; Music Association;
Interfraternity Council '31; "Twin-Klef"
Club '31; Best Dancer; Honor Student.

There are girls who set you musing
You find one now and then.
A flashing smile, a dusky voice
Make them adored of men.



MARION LULL

Commercial

St. Johnsville High School, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Δ Clio

Glee Club '29, '30, '31; President, Clio '31; Clio Convocation Delegate; Class President '30; Mixed Chorus; Music Association; "Twin-Klef" Club; Most Popular; Best Personality.

The Queen of Hearts is here revealed!
What's that you say? You knew it!
Anyone who knows this miss
Could never misconstrue it!



"Marion"



DOROTHY ELIZABETH McAULIFFE

General

St. Mary's Academy, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Glee Club '30; Music Association '30, '31; Mixed Chorus '31; Winner of CARDINAL Poster Contest '30.

I say for your exemplification,
I've the most nervous temperament in all creation.

"Dot"

IRENE McKILLIP

Commercial

Saranac Lake High School, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Α K Φ

Outdoor Club '29; Senior Critic, Α K Φ '31.

I have often heard defended,
Little said is soonest mended.



"Irene"



"Em"

EMILY MYETTE

Commercial

Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

B Σ

Glee Club '31; Mixed Chorus '31; Honor Student.

Fair and square in her dealings,
A wonderful teacher she'll make.
Careful to hurt no one's feelings.
The highest of honors she'll take.

MAGDALENA R. MYKALOSKY

General

Lyon Mountain High School, Lyon Mountain, N. Y.

A Δ Θ

Glee Club '30, '31; Recording Secretary, Alpha Delta '30; Music Association '30; Vice-President, Music Association '31; Mixed Chorus '30, '31.

Magdalena Mykalosky,
"Mickey" call for short,
Always true and always loyal,
She's a splendid sort.



"Mickey"



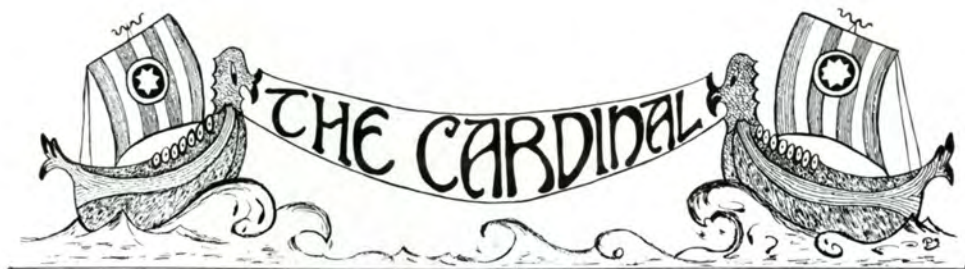
"Dot"

DOROTHY MYLES

General

St. John's High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Though her nature was quiet,
We recognized her innate talents.



MARION NICHOLS

General

Hudson Falls High School, Hudson Falls, N. Y.

A Δ Θ

B Σ

Glee Club Treasurer; Mixed Chorus; "Twin-Klef"
Club; Vice-President, Alpha Delta '31; Cor-
responding Secretary, Alpha Delta '30;
Honor Student.

"Responsibility gravitates to him who can shoulder it."



"Nick"



"Mary"

MARY NORTON

Granville High School, Wells, Vt.

We speak of a fellow as a coming man
When he really makes a go of it.

CATHERINE E. PARNABY

Commercial

Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Glee Club '29, '30, '31; Music Association '29,
'30, '31.

Hair of gold,
Eyes of blue,
Soft of voice,
Heart so true.



"Cappy"



"Bea"

BEATRICE PATNODE

General

Ellenburg High School, Ellenburg Depot, N. Y.

A Δ Θ

Bea is one that we're proud of
And we don't say it to boast.
For Bea is as nice as they make them,
And a whole lot nicer than most.

MADELEINE C. PICKENPACK

Commercial

Poughkeepsie High School, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A charming and colorful girl
And vivid is Mad Pickenpack,
But we wonder of all other colors
Why she seems to prefer gray and black.



"Mad"



"Ike"

HELEN PLUMLEY

General

Bloomington High School, Bloomington, N. Y.

Glee Club '29; Music Association '30.

For I never trouble trouble till trouble troubles me.



RALPH JOSEPH POMBRIO

General

Chazy Central Rural School, Sciota, N. Y.

Δ T X

Junior Prom Committee; Chairman, Senior Assembly Program '31; President, Music Association; Music Association '29, '30, '31; Chairman, Junior Assembly Program '30; Mixed Chorus '30, '31; "Twin-Klef" Club; President, Δ T X '31; Δ T X Minstrel '29; Δ T X Debate '31; Δ T X Assembly Program; Music Editor, *CARDINAL*; "Laff That Off"; Class Hustler.

Ralph is very versatile.
He talks, he acts, and sings.
We wish he'd tell us how
To excel in so many things.



"Pom"



"Vede"

AVEDIA N. REID

General

Dannemora High School, Dannemora, N. Y.

B Σ

Music Association '30; Secretary-Treasurer, Beta Sigma '31; Salutatorian.

"Blest, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind.
Quiet by day—"—ALEXANDER POPE.

ETHEL L. RELATION

Commercial

Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Δ Clio

Critic, Clio '29; Editor, *Clio Sphinx* '30; Senior Critic, Clio '31; Class Questionnaire.

For every why she has a wherefore,
With profs she's always argufying,
She has what most all others lack—
The art of always trying.



"Ethel"



"Kay"

CATHERINE E. ROBINSON
Commercial

St. Johnsville High School, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Junior Prom Committee '30; Honor Student.

We've always had that feeling
That Kay had "inside dope"
From living with professors,
But she always answered, "Nope."

FRANCES ROCHE
Commercial

Granville High School, Granville, N. Y.

A K Φ

Guard, A K Φ '29; *Gazette* Editor, A K Φ '30;
Interfraternity Council '31.

A happy heart lives long.



"Fran"

GERALDINE ROCKERFELLER
Commercial

St. Johnsville High School, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

A K Φ

Guard, A K Φ '30.

Happy am I; from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?



"Gerry"



IRMA ROTH
Commercial

Westhampton Beach High School, Speonk, L. I., N. Y.
Δ Clio

Outdoor Club '29; Corresponding Secretary, Clio
'30; Junior Critic, Clio '29; Senior Critic,
Clio '30; Treasurer, Clio '31; Honor Student.

Peppy? Well, I guess so
Her energy's unsurpassed—
Blond, vivacious Irma.
Her knowledge, too, is vast.



"Irma"



"Nina"

NINA MARJORIE ROYS
General

Hoosick Falls High School, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Vice-President, Glee Club '29; Glee Club '30, '31;
Music Association; Athletic Association '29;
Mixed Chorus.

A dash of sugar and spice
And everything else that's nice,
Is Nina—a friend so true,
Loyal and steadfast, too.

EVELYN SAVAGE
General

St. John's High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Vice-President, Freshman Class '29; Music Asso-
ciation '31; Mixed Chorus '31; Glee Club '29.

Constant, like a far-off star
Which time and tide cannot mar.



"Eve"



"Dot"

DOROTHY I. SCHARFF

Commercial

Eastport High School, Eastport, L. I., N. Y.

Δ Clio

B Σ

Glee Club '29, '30; Editor, *Clio Sphinx*; Senior Critic, Clio; Recording Secretary, Clio; Music Association '29; Junior Critic, Clio; Alumni Editor, *CARDINAL*.

As shy as a brown-eyed Susan
And just as staunch and firm.
She's found a place in all the hearts
Of a host of friends well earned.

CLAIRE SENECAI

Commercial

Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Glee Club; Interfraternity Council; Mixed Chorus; Music Association; Secretary, Clio; Vice-President, Interfraternity Council; Editor, *Clio Sphinx*; Senior Critic, Clio '31.

I'm honest as the day is long
But only through discretion;
I cannot tell a lie—I lack
Control of my expression!



"Sheriff"



"Bertha"

BERTHA SHARROW

Ellenburg, N. Y.

Of many charms, to her as natural
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to the ocean.

—LORD BYRON.



MARIAN A. SLEZAK

Commercial

Amsterdam High School, Amsterdam, N. Y.

A K Φ

Treasurer, A K Φ '30; Music Association '29; Glee Club '29, '30; Outdoor Club '29.

Live while you may; tomorrow brings another day.



"Marian"



LEWIS L. SMITH

Commercial

North Tonawanda High School, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Δ T X

Glee Club '29, '31; President, Glee Club '31; Δ T X Minstrel; Δ T X Guard; Mixed Chorus '31; Junior Prom Committee '30; Secretary, Δ T X '29, '30.

Reid goes well with Smith,
And Smith looks great with Reid.
If two can live as cheap as one
Be careful, Smith—take heed!

"Louie"

JULIA C. SOULIA

Commercial

Morrisonville High School, Morrisonville, N. Y.

Glee Club '29, '30, '31; Music Association '29.

We like her name,
It rhymes so well.
We like her, too,
What more to tell?



"Jewel"



"Jeannette"

JEANNETTE E. SPRAGUE

Commercial

Jamestown High School, Jamestown, N. Y.

A Δ Θ

Glee Club '29; Vice-President, Alpha Delta '30; President, Alpha Delta '31; Secretary, Alpha Delta '30; Marshal, Alpha Delta '30; Mantle Oration; Best Girl Speaker; Honor Student.

Her friendship is the loyalest
That ever friend could give.

BRADFORD W. STERLING

Commercial

Antwerp High School, Antwerp, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

Orchestra '29; Mixed Chorus '31; "Laff That Off"; Vice-President, Glee Club '31; Sergeant, Tri Kappa; Interfraternity Council; Wittiest; Class Cut-up.

His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.



"Brad"



"Tecky"

MAY TECKLENBURG

Commercial

Bay Shore High School, Bay Shore, L. I., N. Y.

A K Φ

Interfraternity Council '29, '30; Financial Secretary, A K Φ '30.

By her giggle shall ye know her.



JOSEPH TETI

Commercial

North Tonawanda High School, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Δ T X

Orchestra '30; Interfraternity Council; Junior Assembly Program '30; Δ T X Debate; Δ T X Minstrel '29; Secretary, Δ T X; Assistant Photo Editor, *CARDINAL*; Honor Student.

Joe can argue, loud and long;
He can argue, right or wrong.
We wonder if, when shadows creep,
We'd find Joe talking in his sleep.



"Joe"



EVERETT R. THOMAS

Commercial

Rome Free Academy, Rome, N. Y.

Δ T X

Chairman, Δ T X Debate; Chairman, Senior Assembly '31; Chairman, Cap and Gown Committee '31; Class Jeweler; Secretary, Δ T X; Guard, Δ T X; Treasurer, Δ T X; Δ T X Minstrel; Mixed Chorus; Glee Club; Best Dressed Boy.

As for disciplining his class,
Mind him, or "Thou shalt not pass!"

"Tommie"

MURIEL I. THOMPSON

Commercial

Canton High School, Canton, N. Y.

A K Φ

Corresponding Secretary, A K Φ '30; Glee Club '29, '30, '31; Mixed Chorus '30, '31; "Twin-Klef" Club '31; Music Association '29, '30, '31; Assistant Joke Editor, *CARDINAL*.

Common sense is not so common.



"Midge"



"Betty"

ELIZABETH E. THOMSON

Commercial

Lake George High School, Lake George, N. Y.

A K Φ

Guard, A K Φ '29; Senior Critic, A K Φ '31; Outdoor Club '29.

Never get in where you can't get out.

LAURENCE O'DEVLIN THORNTON

Commercial

Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Δ T X

Football '29; Chairman, Freshman Class '28; President, Class '29; Treasurer, Δ T X '29; Chairman, Δ T X Minstrel '29; Interfraternity Council '29; Chairman, Freshman Mid-year Dance '29; Chairman, Junior Prom Committee '30; Chairman, Senior Ring and Pin Committee '31; Class Bluff.

Larry's been a lot of help
He'll always lend a hand,
But why he breaks so many hearts
We cannot understand.



"Larry"



"Peg"

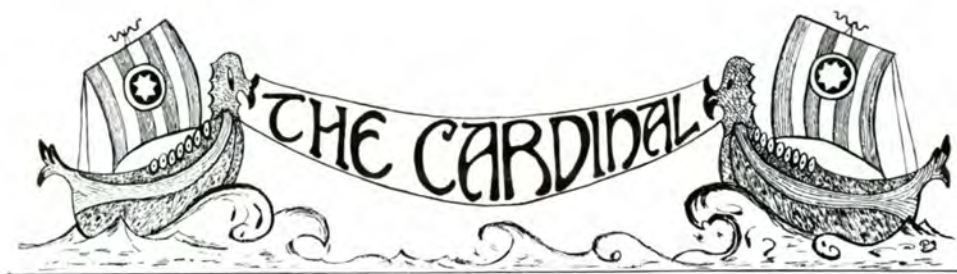
MARGARET I. TRAUTENBERG

Commercial

Batavia High School, Batavia, N. Y.

Glee Club '29, '30, '31; Mixed Chorus '30, '31.

There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent.



JOSEPH TROMBLY

Commercial

St. John's High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

Orchestra '29, '30, '31; Glee Club '31; Mixed Chorus '31; "Twin-Klef" Club '31; Senior Assembly Program '31.

We have noticed Joe's repeated absence from home between 7 and 11 in the evening, during which time he converts himself into the living "answer to a maiden's prayer."

Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.



"Joe"



"Pat"

PAULINE TROMBLY

General

St. John's High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

B Σ

Music Association; Mixed Chorus; Glee Club; Assistant Advertising Manager, CARDINAL; "Laff That Off"; Reply to Seniors '30; Class Will '31; Art Class Assembly Program '30; Beta Sigma Assembly Program '31.

She's witty and clever, with a dash of spice,
She's always quite natural and naturally nice.

BERTIS J. VANDERSCHAFF

Commercial

Clymer High School, Clymer, N. Y.

Δ T X

Δ T X Debate; President, Δ T X '31; Treasurer, Δ T X '30; Vice-President, Δ T X '30; Guard, Δ T X '29; Δ T X Minstrel '29; Charge to the Juniors '31; Best Speaker.

And when a lady's in the case
You know all other things take place.



"Van"



ANNETTE WATSON

Commercial

Ilion High School, Ilion, N. Y.

A Δ Θ

B Σ

Chorister, Alpha Delta '29; Vice-President, Alpha Delta '30; Recording Secretary, Alpha Delta '30; Social Secretary, Alpha Delta '31; Convocation Delegate, Alpha Delta '29, '30; Secretary, Alpha Delta Grand Chapter '31; Vice-President, Beta Sigma '30; Glee Club '29; Interfraternity Council; "Laff That Off"; Honor Student; Class Song.

Annette is a girl who is good and true.
And a friend that is worthwhile knowing, too.
She has pep and ambition; is willing to do.
Whate'er her mission she'll carry it through.



"Missie"

ALICE WELDEN

General

Mooers High School, Mooers, N. Y.

A Δ Θ

Glee Club '29, '30, '31; Mixed Chorus '31.

I was not born for courts or affairs,
I pay my debts and say my prayers,
True to Benson shall I be,
And true will Benson be to me.



"Lally"

VIOLA P. WELLS

General

Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

B Σ

Glee Club; Music Association '30; Beta Sigma Program '31.

As on through life I go,
Whatever I may be,
Whatever be the weather,
It's always "Al and me."



"Vi"



VIRGINIA A. WHITING

Commercial

Jamestown High School, Jamestown, N. Y.

A K Φ

B Σ

President, A K Φ '31; President, Beta Sigma '30; Recording Secretary, A K Φ '30; Chairman, A K Φ Assembly Program '30, '31; Chairman, Beta Sigma Assembly Program '30; Editor-in-Chief, CARDINAL; Financial and Advertising Manager, "Laff That Off"; Class Song; Crowned Popularity Queen '31; Class Artist; Honor Student.

"Art for Art's sake," says Ginger
As she sketches merrily—
And we who know her secret thoughts
Wonder who "Art" may be.



"Ginger"



"Blanche"

BLANCHE K. WHITMAN

Commercial

Saranac Lake High School, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Δ Clio

Corresponding Secretary, Clio; Teller, Clio; "Laff That Off"; Advertising Manager, CARDINAL; Recording Secretary, Clio; Best Dressed Girl.

And here we have Blanche Whitman,
Gay, alluring, snappy.
It's "Frank" you have to be, not earnest
To make this maiden happy.

FLORENCE M. WILSON

Commercial

Sodus High School, Sodus, N. Y.

A K Φ

President, A K Φ '31; Choirster, A K Φ '29; Critic, A K Φ '30; Junior Prom Committee '30; Invitation Committee '31; Presentation of Class Gift.

A wonderful booster,
A trustworthy friend,
Won't tell a secret,
Will never offend.



"Flossie"



"Helen"

HELEN WINKLER

Commercial

Johnson City High School, Johnson City, N. Y.

Δ Δ Θ

President, Alpha Delta '31; Vice-President, Alpha Delta '30; Corresponding Secretary, Alpha Delta '31; Historian, Alpha Delta '31; Assistant Literary Editor, *CARDINAL*; Honor Student.

Helen's worked hard, she's learned a lot.
Would we knew what she's forgot.
For one so learned in business things,
We wonder why she lends her rings.

CLAUDE A. WOOD

Commercial

Plattsburgh High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Δ T X

Glee Club '29; Vice-President, Δ T X '31; President, Senior Class '31; Orchestra '29, '30, '31; Senior Class Assembly '31; "Laff That Off"; Joke Editor, *CARDINAL*; Class Musician; Most Popular Boy; Best Personality.

These girls of Claude's are most petite
In fact we think that they are great,
But his final choice is a rumble seat
Where he and Flo can tête-à-tête.

On second thought, he may prefer a "Coop (y)."



"Woody"



"Doe"

DORIS W. WOODEN

Commercial

West High School, Rochester, N. Y.

Glee Club '29; Assistant Editor-in-Chief, *CARDINAL*; First Prize, *CARDINAL* Story Contest '31; Class Prophecy '31.

A certain young man once went hunting in the Adirondacks in search of deer, but instead, he found a "Doe." But after all—Doe's a "dear."



MRS. MARIAN HAYES
Horicon, N. Y.

For if she will—she will, you may depend on't.
But if she won't—she won't, so there's an end to it.

MARY SPAIN
Newcomb, N. Y.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.

EVELYN COUCHEY
Schenectady, N. Y.

Honor Student.

MILDRED E. MORGAN
Union, N. Y.

Honor Student.



Senior Poem

Sunset dripping crimson in a sea of gold.
Anchored fast against the tide, cargo in the hold;
Proud Viking ship at rest.

Sails now furled against the masts—she rests—her journey done.
Viking ship of honored name—Ship of Thirty-One.
Seaworthy as the best.

Three years she's sailed courageously unknown, uncharted seas,
Ever toward that perfect land—borne onward by the breeze
As Kismet guides her on.

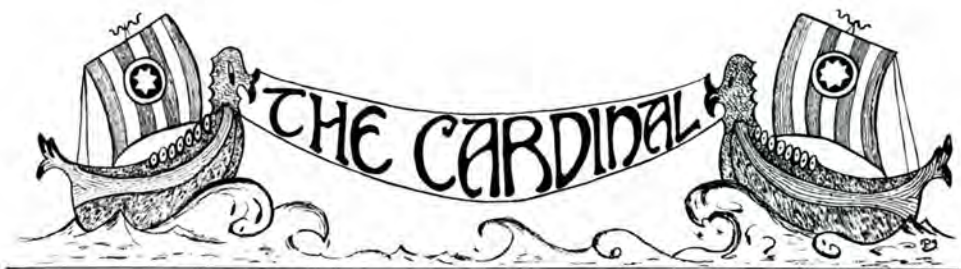
Wild the wind and wild the waves that beat against her prow,
But to the fury of the storm the Viking does not bow
Nor cease till work is done.

Viking eyes forever watching for a land perhaps a wraith,
Viking hearts forever valiant, Viking souls still full of faith,
Sailing toward the sun.

Land of every Viking's longing lighted now by sunset's fire,
Land for which we've long been waiting—Land of our Desire.
Safe now in port at last.

And now she rests and gently rocks before the setting sun,
Viking ship of honored name—Ship of Thirty-One.
Her long hard journey past.

HELEN BROMLEY.



Class Will

Being on the last leg of our voyage, we, worthy sailors of the Ship of 1931, do hereby bequeath our ability to "weather the storms" and come out smiling, to the class of 1932. To the individual members, we bequeath the following:

- To Ed Lavigne: A vest pocket edition of Webster's dictionary to carry always close to his heart.
- To Helen Socia: A "Van" to carry her back to Jaques for her midnight lunches.
- To Alice Pardy: A new car so she may arrive at class on time.
- To Mildred Leazott: A hearse with a "right-hand drive" so she can watch both the living and the dead.
- To Kay McAloon: A "Pierce Arrow" equipped with a piano player.
- To Elizabeth Phelps: Some mo-ah Ve-mont talk—it's so elevating.
- To Mary Norton: A course in the art of self-expression—there is no use in hiding your light under a basket.
- To Gladys Stickney: A bottle of soothing syrup to keep her temper down.
- To Margaret Goodspeed: A big bag of peanuts. Like Grapenuts, "there's a reason."
- To Lena Delaire, Rose Patnode, and Lyda Drowne: A key to the cellar so they may be there all the time.
- To Genevieve Douglass: Dispensation from practice teaching in hopes of saving her from a nervous breakdown.
- To Peg Brennan: A box of court plaster so she may stick to one fellow.
- To Peg Ryan: Some of Pearl Hedding's dignity—of course, we know "children must play."
- To Louise Washburn: A "heart (Hart) Well" filled with love to make her "Happy."
- To Katherine McKinney: A bottle of Henna Dip to dye those Nordic blonde locks, you know "variety is the spice of life."
- To Marion Call: Some of Martha Patnode's height.
- To Frankie Johnson: A sparrow to accompany her cheerful little chirp.
- To Mary Hickey: The privilege of taking the "Hick" out of her name.
- To Anita Wolcott: A permanent position in Woolworth's store; we understand she is so good at advertising their products.
- To Loretta Freebern: Exemption from all music classes—what a relief—eh?
- To Ann Humphrey: Some of Peg Ryan's talkativeness.
- To Mae Webster: A string to tie around Ed's finger so he won't be always forgetting.
- To Edna Wright: The "right" man to fit in with her name.
- To Maeferd Loope: Position as "critic" teacher.
- To Katherine Evans: A gold medal as a reward for her powers of discrimination in regard to Irene and Helene.
- To Doris King: Position as Speaker of the House, for the Junior Class.
- To Francis Pierce: A cake of Woodbury's facial soap to help "that skin you love to touch."
- To Patricia Shipman: A nightingale to accompany her solos.
- To Irene and Helen McGrath:
To one a derby, the other a hat,
So we may tell, this from that.
- To Frances Hunter: A box of Lux so she won't shrink.
- To Dorothy Anderson: Some of Alice Pardy's vim, vigor and pep.
- To Rod Buckley: A double so he can safely keep two dates in one night without serious injury to his health.
- To Mrs. Paul and Martha Patnode: An extra psychology course.
- To Ida Jacques: Some of Louise Washburn's —————? ————— in place of your New England primness.
- To Eleanor Pyle: A book on the English language—we can't understand her lingo.
- To Elizabeth Carey: A car to carry (Carey) her home.
- To Lillis Vaughan: A new seam straightener for her stockings.
- To Harold Hartwell: An orchestra all his own.



To Elsie Crammond: Plenty of room so he won't "Crowder."
To Mary Finnessey: A book on how to walk according to the rules of health.
To Margaret Racette: An extra course in nature study for which she has such fondness.
To Pat Kelly: A safety pin to fasten her always to Mary Finnessey.
To Ruth Jennett: A megaphone to enlarge her voice.
To (The Gold Dust Twins) Sybil Brown and Dot Tart: A new parking place other than Alice Pardy's car.
To Lillian Arthur: Some of Madeline Pickenpack's height.
To the Faculty: Our sincere appreciation and thanks for their cooperation and a special vote of thanks to Mr. Thompson, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Noyes for their assistance in making the 1931 CARDINAL a huge success.

Signed, sealed and witnessed in the presence of the undersigned on the fifteenth day of June, year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one.

Ship of 1931.

PAULINE A. TROMBLY.





Class Prophecy

The City Editor strode in,
"A story must be done.
How about that article
On the Class of Thirty-one?"
"Yes, Mr. Hansen," I agreed,
"Though it's taken many hours,
The story now is almost done
On that dear old class of ours."
Then rapidly I struck the keys
To tell a story queer
Of how and where I found each one,
Some far, and some quite near.
Outside the names of Lull and Bratt
Shone bright across Broadway,
To crowds they're singing ev'ry night
Upon the great White Way.
If you should wish to dine and dance
At a famous place I know,
You'll find Wilbur Edmonds' orches-
tra
Is the reason that they go.
For he is known from coast to coast
As is the name Bruce Deane,
Who just the other day was made
The national boxing champe'en.
As if in contrast to this fame
A picture comes to me
Of a sister in a convent
Who works so patiently.
Ethel Relation is the one
Who chose to take this way
Of giving service to the world
While others chose to play.
Claude Wood is now a Senator.
He's quite a busy man,
But now and then he still finds time
To call on Mayor Van.
Everett Thomas, their old pal,
Is touring foreign lands.
He writes of stirring things he's seen,
And of the desert sands.
Annette Watson runs a shop,
She sells good things to eat.
And Maxine Fitch is helping her;

Their place just can't be beat.
Del Fraser is a buyer
For a large department store.
Her specialty is cheeses
As it was in days of yore.
Our old friend Smith is married
To a little girl named Reid,
And both of them are teaching,
'Cause they have two kids to feed.
John Gadway now is running
A ranch out in the West.
He says the open spaces
Are the places he likes best.
Larry Thornton's coaching football,
At a college of renown.
Art Harvey messed in politics;
He's mayor of his town.
Joe Teti is a lawyer,
He always argued well.
Helen Bromley's now a writer,
What stories she can tell!
Pat Trombly is a playwright,
Her plays have won her fame.
I thought that fame might turn her
head,
But Pat is just the same.
Bob Lasher now is working;
He's inventing a balloon.
And when he finds a girl, he says,
He's sailing for the moon.
Not long ago I took a trip,
Up Plattsburgh way I went.
With apple orchards all around
Lives Ginger, married, quite content.
Irma Roth and Dottie Scharff
Are both in business now.
They run a beauty parlor,
They know their stuff, and how!
Helen Winkler now is lecturing,
With her is Margaret Dunn.
They can talk on minute's notice
On anything under the sun.
Blanche Whitman is Blanche Pender;
Flossie Wilson's married too.



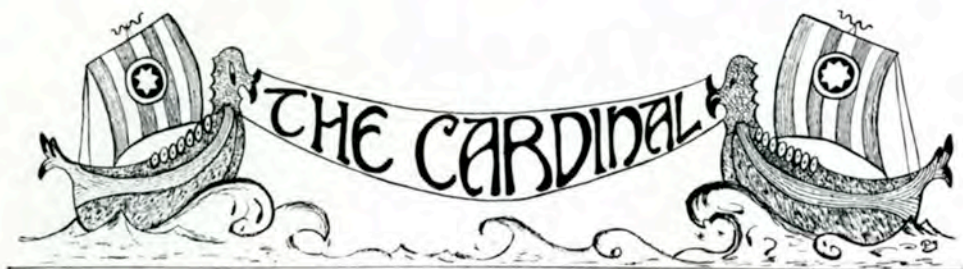
They live the life of Riley,
With teaching they are through.
Joe Trombly plays the violin;
He takes Paul Whiteman's place.
Miss Jones took plastic surgery,
She does things to your face.
Frances Roche and Ann LeVarn,
Together as of yore,
Are teaching people to keep thin;
They all come back for more.
Dorothy Myles is Dorothy Dix,
She sure gets lots of mail.
If you're in love just write to her.
She'll advise you without fail.
Claire Senecal is court stenog,
She learned law from her dad.
Kay Robinson became a nurse,
If you're sick it's just too bad.
If you can't sleep, see Sterling,
He'll cure you right away,
That is, if you can wake him up,
He sleeps both night and day.
Way up in Dannemora,
That prison town so grey,
May Tecklenburg is living,
She's married now, they say.
John Collins went to Hollywood,
His smile is quite the rage,
But since he broke so many hearts
He had to leave the stage.
The other day I saw a friend,
Peg Trautenberg by name,
She said she's learning how to fly,
And thinks it quite a game.
When I recovered from the shock,
She broke the news to me
That Corinne Bahringer had gone
To live in Italy.
"Why Italy?" I asked aghast,
"Whatever takes her there?"
"Why she's advising Mussolini
How to run his country fair."
Cele Chaszer is in Alaska;
She lives a life of ease,
She taught the Eskimos to laugh,
It helps them not to freeze.
Jeanette Sprague wrote a cook book—
Mr. Thompson showed her how,

If you'll just send ten cents in stamps
She'll mail it to you now.
When you are ill, just call Ray
Brown,
He'll tell you what is best.
Then call Funnell the undertaker
And he will do the rest.
Julia Soulia runs a farm,
She raises pigs and chickens.
You must be rich to buy from her;
She charges like the dickens.
Bernice Hale is President
Of the W. C. T. U.
Gerry Rockefeller's rich,
She invented a new glue.
Connick and Vic Kellev
Sailed an airship up to Mars.
Connick came back alone and said
Vic was still talking to the stars.
Pearl LaPlante is teaching
At Miner's in Chazy.
Mrs. Hayes now stays at home
With Hubby quite contentedly.
Miss Slezak is in Reno,
She's trying to forget.
She used to like blonde curly hair,
But now it's darkest jet.
Muriel Thompson is in China
Making Christians of them all.
Peg Cathcart studied diets;
She'll make you short or tall.
Mabel Horstman now is running
A great big candy store.
She learned how up at Normal
In the good old days of yore.
Peg Hawley now is Mrs. Light,
She's happy as can be.
Kay Allen is a taster
For a firm that imports tea.
Ruth Armstrong is in Europe,
She's on a concert tour,
As long as she can play so well
She never will be poor.
Glen Austen just invented
A new car the other day.
He drove his other one until
They called it "One Hoss Shay."
Betty Thomson is the manager



Of a tea room in Lake George.
We've heard she owns another one
Located in Old Forge.
Cappy Parnaby at last
Discovered a new wave set.
For years she practiced on her friend,
Poor Emily Myette.
Emily now is principal
Of a big commercial high,
But then she sure deserves it;
She's brilliant, though so shy.
Peg Devany is competing
With Sherwin Cody's English course.
She teaches you the accent;
One learns it's "hoss" not "horse."
Elsie Iacobucci
Is Elsie Irwin now.
We learn that she's still teaching.
She always did know how.
Eve Gamble would be different;
She's raising Christmas trees.
And on the farm next door to her
Irene McKillip raises bees.
Eleanora Haak has written
A book on how to smile,
If you get a chance just read it,
It's surely worth your while.
Florence Gleason is a scientist,
She has found the "missing link."
Ethel Cota is a psychologist.
She knows how, and why we think.
Miss Kinney and Miss Bruno
Are both in business now,
They run a matrimonial agency,
And boy, it is a wow!
Marie Brelia took a trip.
She traveled to get thin.
But travel broadens one, you know,
The way she gained was a sin.
So she called on Louise Bellanger
Who runs a reducing parlor,
And before Louise got through with
her
For help she had to holler.
Kay Dawes invented an alarm clock.
It's really quite the thing.
To stop it all you have to do
Is tell it not to ring.

Bea Patnode and Mary Carey
Perfected a mechanical man.
It even clears the table,
And puts the dishes in the pan.
But Nina Roys objects to it.
She can't quite see the fun.
She says as far as she's concerned
She'd rather have a real one.
Pombrio owns a chain of drug stores.
He learned the trade at Jacques.
Vi Wells is Mrs. Mooney
And an excellent wife she makes.
Evelyn Savage too is married.
She has a lot of fun.
She had to choose 'twixt wealth and
love;
So she took the wealthy one.
Agnes Dugan and Kay Hamilton
Now run a kiddies' shop.
Gen Harvey made a fortune
Inventing a new soda pop.
Marion Nichols writes on etiquette;
She'll tell you what to do
For any sort of function
From a dinner to an interview.
In district and in city schools
Around the Empire State,
Scattered here and there we find
Many an old classmate.
There's Helen Plumley and Mary
Kelly,
And Rebecca Baker too,
And dear old Mildred Broderick
Teaching the long hours through.
Florence Gonyea and Marion Ever-
leth
Are child psychologists of note.
Next fall when we have elections,
Give Irene Hosley your vote.
She's running to be Lady Senator,
With her is Elizabeth Lee.
And just as they were at Normal,
They're pals to the end we see.
Remember our friend, Edith Arnold?
She leads a sad life, and how!
For she married an undertaker;
"We work when you sleep," she says
now.



One day I strolled up the river,
I discovered an artist quite fair,
Kay Brown was doing some sketching,
Her brushes and easel were there.
Dot McAuliffe and Miss Mykalosky
Are giving talks over the air.
With laughs and side-splitting humor
Those two little girls are right there.
Avedia Reid studied Nature.
She grows apples on plum trees, we
hear.

With her is Miss Mary Norton
To help in experiments queer.
Bertha Sharrow is now Mrs. Buckley.
Alice Welden now also is wed.
And each one of Alice's children
Has hair quite a beautiful red.
We hear Mary Spain is in England.
We must have our geography wrong.
For just how could Spain be in Eng-
land?

It can't have been there very long.
The keys stopped; I had finished the
story.

To the Editor's desk it was sent.
And tired of the toil of the city
For a drive in the country I went.
My heart longed for peace and con-
tentment;

So I called on an old pal of mine,
Who is now raising thoroughbred
horses;

You've guessed Mad Pickenpack by
this time.

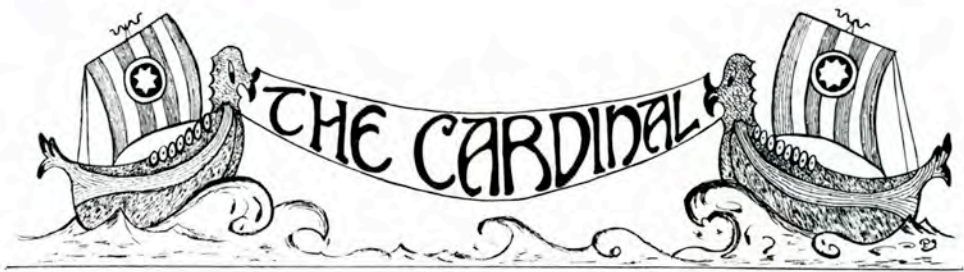
And we rode down the trail reminis-
cing,

Just at the setting of sun,
Thinking of Plattsburgh State Nor-
mal,

And the Class of Nineteen Thirty-one.

DORIS WOODEN.





Class Gift

It has been the custom for each class at graduation to leave, in its memory, a gift to the school.

We, the class of 1931, regret that our Normal School days are over and that we shall not be able to become students in the New Normal School Building, work upon which is rapidly progressing.

The gift of the class of 1931 will be the third to be placed in the new school. Doctor Hawkins, we take great pleasure in presenting this gift to the Plattsburgh State Normal School in memory of the class of 1931.

FLORENCE WILSON.



Class Ballot

Class Hustler	Ralph Pombrio
Class Orator	Eric Hansen
Class Artist	Virginia Whiting
Most Original	Corrine Bahringer
Class Grind	Margaret Dunn
Most Intellectual	Bernice Hale
Class Musician	Claude Wood
Class Flirt	Francis Bratt
Class Bluff	Laurence Thornton
Class Cut-up	Brad Sterling
Class Questionnaire	Ethel Relation
Wittiest	Brad Sterling
Most Obliging	Loryne Connick
Most to be Admired	John Gadway
Class Manhater	Edith Arnold
Class Womanhater	We have no such animal!
Class Sheik	Bob Lasher
Most Popular	{ Boy.....Claude Wood
	{ Girl.....Marion Lull
Best Looking	{ Boy.....Wilbur Edmonds
	{ Girl.....Peg Hawley
Best Dancer	{ Boy.....Wilbur Edmonds
	{ Girl.....Ann LeVarn
Best Personality	{ Boy.....Claude Wood
	{ Girl.....Marion Lull
Best Natured	{ Boy.....Loryne Connick
	{ Girl.....Maxine Fitch
Best Speaker	{ Boy.....Bertis VanderSchaff
	{ Girl.....Jeannette Sprague
Best Dressed	{ Boy.....Everett Thomas
	{ Girl.....Blanche Whitman

The boy stood on the burning deck
 With her arms around his neck;
 Then she looked into his eyes—heek!
 The boy was burning, not the deck.
 Every Senior Boy Is Like This!



Juniors



Junior Class Song

I

We attend the Normal, that school where all is formal.
Even teachers who are blithe and gay
So listen all, and hear the call
That comes from us who think we know it all
My goodness—

CHORUS

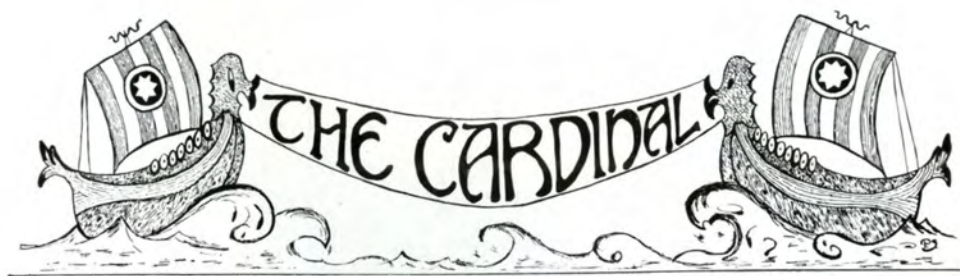
II

We admit there're bright days and
We admit there're blue days,
That we have to contend with right along
So when you're blue, think not that you
Are just the only one who has them too—Just think that

CHORUS

We are the Juniors
Rah! Rah! for the Juniors,
Ever so happy contented and so gay,
We've come to Normal
Rah! Rah! for the Normal
Gaining its knowledge
From teachers day by day
Sometimes we are just a bit unruly
Teachers then to us will say
"You are the Juniors, so please act like Juniors
And conduct yourselves like Juniors
Throughout the entire day.

Music and words by
FRANCIS PIERCE, '32.



Junior Class Officers

<i>President</i>	EDWARD LAVIGNE
<i>Vice-President</i>	PATRICIA KELLY
<i>Secretary</i>	LOUISE WASHBURNE
<i>Treasurer</i>	MILDRED LEAZOTT
<i>Cardinal Representative</i>	DORIS KING

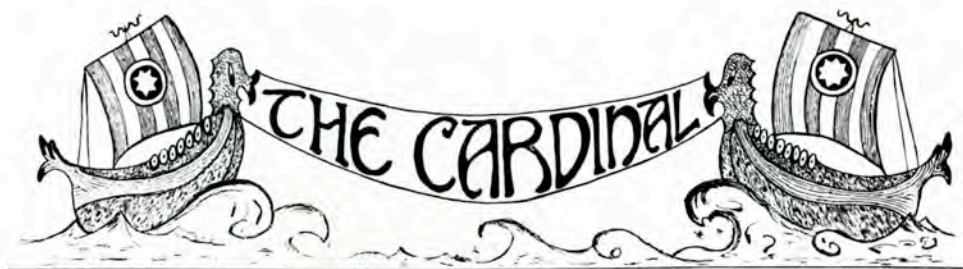
Class Motto—"Nulla Victoria Sine Laborare"

Class Colors—Black and Silver

Class Flower—Yellow Tea Rose

Class Advisor—H. Otis Noyes





Junior Class History

It was in September, 1929, that forty-one Freshmen entered Plattsburgh State Normal School to start upon what seemed at that time to be merely three years of hard work. However, as we come to the close of the second year we realize that there have been many pleasures, long to be remembered, intermingled with this work. Although we were very small in number at that time, we firmly believed that quantity was not all, and, like all Freshmen, we were confident that our class was of the finest quality.

After entering, our first step was to organize the class. We chose Edward Lavigne as our president, Doris King, vice-president, Ann Humphrey, treasurer, and Sybil Brown, secretary. At the same time we also very wisely chose Mr. Noyes, who has proven a true friend to our class and a great helper in all our difficulties, as faculty advisor. At a later date Frances Hunter was chosen to represent our class on the CARDINAL staff.

Our entrance into the social activities of Normal came when the upperclassmen gave a dance as a welcome to the Freshmen. In appreciation for this we gave them a return dance at a later date.

However, it was not until mid-year that the Freshman class really stepped into the limelight. It was at this time that we gave the Mid-year Dance which was a success in every way. We were very much encouraged by this, and decided more firmly than ever to make all our class undertakings a success.

After this event things returned to their natural course. The days quickly slipped by until May, when our class gave a moonlight excursion on Lake Champlain, which was enjoyed by all. A short time after this, examinations brought our first year of Normal to a close.

In September we returned, not as Freshmen now, but as Juniors. We found that few of our former members were not to be with us again this year; also, that some new ones had joined our group.

Very shortly after coming together again we met to select those who were to be our leaders for the year. Mr. Noyes and Edward Lavigne again filled their former posts. Patricia Kelly was chosen vice-president, Mildred Leazotte, treasurer, Louise Washburn, secretary, and Doris King as CARDINAL representative.

Our first step after organization was to prepare for a series of lectures. These lectures, sponsored by our class, were given at different dates throughout the winter. They have proven to be most interesting to those attending, and we feel that they were beneficial and successful in all respects.

However, the most important social event of the Junior class, the Junior Prom, does not come until the very close of the year. It is this that we have looked for-



ward to throughout the year and to which we have put forth our greatest efforts that it may be an outstanding activity. We truly hope our prom will be as successful as those of the past years.

Now at the close of our Junior year, realizing that two years of our P. S. N. S. course have been completed, we look forward with high hopes to the last year as Seniors. At that time we wish to place our class in the list with those classes which have been termed successful not alone for themselves, but likewise for their school.

DORIS KING.

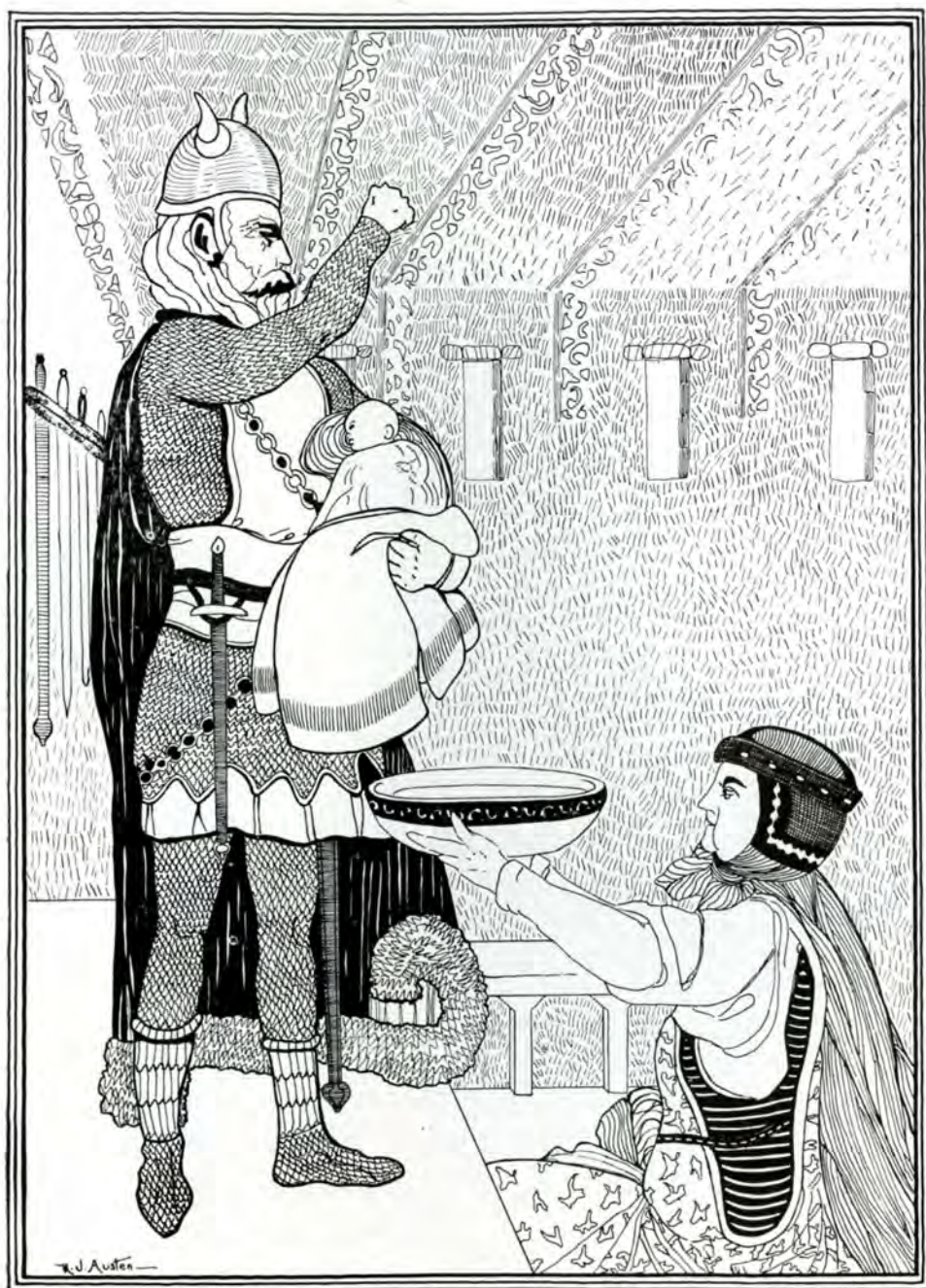
Junior Class Register

Dorothy Anderson.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Lillian Arthur.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Margaret Brennan.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Sybil Brown.....Chazy, N. Y.
 Roderick Buckley.....Peru, N. Y.
 Marian R. Call.....Ausable Forks, N. Y.
 Elizabeth M. Carey.....Cadyville, N. Y.
 Elsie Crammond.....Ticonderoga, N. Y.
 Lena DeLaire.....Glens Falls, N. Y.
 Genevieve Douglass.....Hawkeye, N. Y.
 Lyda Drowne.....Ellenburg Depot, N. Y.
 Kathryn Evans.....Granville, N. Y.
 Mary Finnesey.....Mineville, N. Y.
 Loretta Freebern.....North Creek, N. Y.
 Margaret Goodspeed...Ellenburg Ctr., N. Y.
 Harold D. Hartwell....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Mary M. Harvey.....West Chazy, N. Y.
 Pearl J. Hedding.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Mary Hickey.....Keene, N. Y.
 Ann E. Humphrey.....Malone, N. Y.
 Frances B. Hunter.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Ida L. Jacques.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Ruth E. Jennett.....Sciota, N. Y.
 Frankie Johnson.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Patricia Kelly.....Mineville, N. Y.
 Doris E. King.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Edward C. Lavigne.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Mildred M. Leazott.....Altona, N. Y.
 Maefred Loope.....Russell, N. Y.
 Kathleen McAloon.....Keeseville, N. Y.
 Helene McGrath.....Granville, N. Y.
 Irene McGrath.....Granville, N. Y.
 Katherine McKinney....Glens Fall, N. Y.
 Mary A. Norton.....Wells, Vt.
 Alice Pardy.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Martha M. Patnode....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Rose Patnode.....Lake Clear Junction, N. Y.
 Mrs. Mildred Goodspeed Paul

Ellenburg Depot, N. Y.

Elizabeth J. Phelps.....South Hero, Vt.
 Francis Pierce.....Wadhams, N. Y.
 Eleanor Pyle.....Fishers Island, N. Y.
 Margaret Quinn.....Keeseville, N. Y.
 Margaret Racette.....Redford, N. Y.
 Margaret Ryan.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Patricia Shipman.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Helen Ann Socia.....Fort Anne, N. Y.
 Mrs. Gladys Stickney...Bloomington, N. Y.
 Dorothy Tart.....Chazy, N. Y.
 Lillis Vaughn.....Morrisonville, N. Y.
 Louise Washburne....Ausable Forks, N. Y.
 Mae E. Webster.....Whitehall, N. Y.
 Anita Wolcott.....Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Edna M. Wright.....Vermontville, N. Y.



Freshmen



Freshman Class Song

Tune: "How Do You Do"

How do you do, we're the Freshmen, how do you do?
We've worked and studied hard our way through
Though of course we've been held down
We'll come through without a frown
How do you do, we're the Freshmen, how do you do-do-do?

How do you do, naughty Juniors, how do you do?
You're to be the class of nineteen thirty-two,
Though you'll have to stand the test
We just know you'll do your best
How do you do, naughty Juniors, how do you do-do-do?

Farewell, happy Seniors, to you we bid adieu
We give our wishes for success all to you
Though from out our sight you stray
We will think of you each day
Toodle-oo, happy Seniors, toodle-oo-oo.

How do you do, loyal teachers, how do you do?
You've been kind and very patient and true blue,
You've helped us to come through
All our thanks we give to you
How do you do, loyal teachers, how do you do-do-do?

LAURA TAYLOR.



Freshman Class Officers

<i>President</i>	RUTH GONYEA
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARGARET COOPY
<i>Secretary</i>	BERTHA JAKES
<i>Treasurer</i>	BERNICE KING
<i>Cardinal Representative</i>	MILDRED CARTER

Class Motto—"Ad Alta" (To the Heights)

Class Colors—Brown and Orange

Class Flower—Yellow Chrysanthemum

Class Advisor—Charles W. Brown





Freshman Class History

The curtain rises and the lights grow dim, as we sit back to enjoy the talkie, "Scenes From the Freshman Year of the Class of '33."

The first scene shows a large group of young people coming into the City Hall. They are laughing among themselves, yet they look rather embarrassed when upper-classmen notice them. They seem eager for what is to come and all of the scenes portraying the first few weeks show them to be alert and interested in their new work.

There we see them seated in their room, looking quite serious for a change. What is happening? Ah! Election of officers. We hear several nominations made for each office and then the results of the election read:

President, Ruth Gonyea,
Vice-President, Margaret Coopy,
Secretary, Bertha Jaques,
Treasurer, Bernice King,
CARDINAL Representative, Mildred Carter.

Next we hear Mr. Brown accepting with a few witty and appropriate remarks, the responsibility of being Freshman Class Advisor.

The setting changes and we see the freshmen among several of the upperclassmen. They are dancing. Apparently the Seniors and Juniors are entertaining them. The Freshmen seem very grateful and everyone is having a good time. With the same setting we now see the Freshmen as gracious hosts to the upperclassmen.

The climax of this talkie "hit" is shown in colors with a background of brown and orange. It is the annual Mid-year Ball. By looking at the faces of each person present, we can see that the dance is a great success. An important part of the picture of this dance is the Freshman Banner. Made in the class colors, brown and orange, it is the most attractive banner ever chosen by a class in P. S. N. S.

The last scene is the minstrel show being given in assembly on March 5. By the laughter of the audience the effort put forth by the class has been well received.

We have reached the end of reel one in the history of the class of '33. How anxiously we are awaiting the second reel!

HELEN CARPENTER.





Mid-Year Ball

The annual Mid-year Ball, sponsored by the Freshman class, was given in the Masonic Temple, February 13. With the ball room tastefully decorated in the class colors of brown and orange, the popular Robert's Orchestra furnishing the music, and over a hundred couples in attendance the dance was easily an outstanding event of the year.

During the evening the result of a popularity contest conducted by the CARDINAL Staff was announced. Miss Virginia Whiting was chosen the most popular girl of the school and was crowned Queen of the Plattsburgh State Normal School by Mr. William Thompson.

RUTH GONYEA, '33.





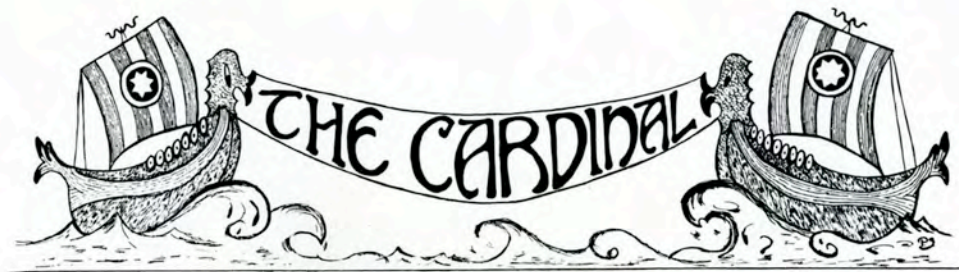
Freshman Register

Ruth Alpert.....	Dannemora, N. Y.
Raymah Arnold.....	Ellenburg Center, N. Y.
Jeanette V. Bailey.....	Standish, N. Y.
Jeanette Ballard.....	Bloomingtondale, N. Y.
Bernice Beardsley.....	Essex, N. Y.
Florence Beauvais.....	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Evelyn Bennett.....	Mineville, N. Y.
T. Frances Bissonnette.....	Dannemora, N. Y.
Mila L. Bola.....	Ausable Forks, N. Y.
Margaret Bourey.....	Standish, N. Y.
Eveline Brothers.....	West Chazy, N. Y.
Helen Carpenter.....	Ellenburg Center, N. Y.
Mildred Carter.....	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Elizabeth Clifton.....	Hague, N. Y.
Marjorie Columbe.....	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Margaret Coopy.....	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Eleanor I. Cutting.....	Elizabethtown, N. Y.
Bessie Downs.....	Peru, N. Y.
Jennie Downs.....	Peru, N. Y.
Margaret Drown.....	Ellenburg Depot, N. Y.
E. Muriel Ducharme.....	West Chazy, N. Y.
Agnes Finnegan.....	Bloomingtondale, N. Y.
Anna Fogg.....	Comstock, N. Y.
Ruth Gonyea.....	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Eleanor Grogan.....	Mineville, N. Y.
Frances M. Hanlon.....	Dannemora, N. Y.
Frances Holland.....	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
K. Bertha Jaques.....	Ausable Forks, N. Y.
Grace H. Johnston.....	Heuvelton, N. Y.
Bernice King.....	Champlain, N. Y.
Veronica E. LaBombard.....	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Geraldine Layman.....	Dannemora, N. Y.
C. Louise Lenaghen.....	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Marie McCormick.....	Fort Edward, N. Y.
Frances McNally.....	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Grace Martin.....	Morrisonville, N. Y.
Emogene Miller.....	Willsboro, N. Y.
Eleanor E. Morrison.....	Ausable Forks, N. Y.
Madeline Nichols.....	Ellenburg Center, N. Y.
Christina Reed.....	Keene, N. Y.
Edna Rivers.....	Peru, N. Y.
Rowena Roblee.....	Raquette Lake, N. Y.
Janet Sprague.....	Bloomingtondale, N. Y.
Reginald Stark.....	Altona, N. Y.
Marjorie I. Stickney.....	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Laura Taylor.....	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Mrs. Vera Weightman.....	Plattsburgh, N. Y.



Commencement





Commencement Program

CLASS OF 1931

Friday—June Fifth

9.00 p.m. Junior Promenade

Friday—June Twelfth

9.00 p.m. Senior Ball

Saturday—June Thirteenth

7.00 p.m. Alumni Banquet

Sunday—June Fourteenth

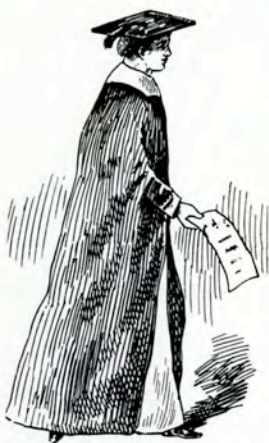
8.00 p.m. Baccalaureate Address
Father Brown, Plattsburgh

Monday—June Fifteenth

2.30 p.m. Class Day Exercises

Tuesday—June Sixteenth

10.00 a.m. Graduation Exercises





Senior Class Song

Tune: The Bells of St. Mary's

A band of earnest students
Within P. S. N. S.
A loyal class, a true class,
The class of '31
And so P. S. N. S.
Thy name we will e'er bless
And strive to hold your honor high
In work or fun.

True friendships we're forming
Beneath your fair guidance
To help us, to lead us,
Until our victory's won.
And so Alma Mater
With greatest of reverence
We dedicate ourselves to thee
The Class of '31.



Senior Class History

The mists hung heavily over the weathered bark—the figurehead loomed staunch and fearless in the grey light—volunteers from all over the state, one hundred and fifty strong, clambered aboard.

We were off—the class of 1931, the last of our kind though we knew it not, to carry the torch of our beloved Normal into the battle for knowledge. The leader of the stalwart band was Lawrence Thornton. Evelyn Savage was chosen as his aid, Helen Rooney to keep an account of the voyage and Wilbur Edmonds to guard the gold and silver. To guide them all we chose a faithful elder, Mr. Rusterholtz, as advisor. And, in order that our victorious journey might go down in the annals of the mighty, we chose Dwight Warren as our CARDINAL Representative. With such a beginning is there any wonder we can say:

"Classes may come
Classes may go
But ours goes on forever."

We were welcomed into the ranks of experienced seamen by the upperclassmen and returned the honor with a dance aboard ship which was resplendent in our colors blue and silver. The figurehead now boasted of a motto, "Speak not without knowledge."

The sea became choppy. We encountered examinations. We were caught in a whirlwind of rush activities and one by one our members joined their respective clans. Then without a warning our valiant ship was destroyed. Chaos reigned. But ever brave in the face of defeat, we resumed our voyage aboard a new vessel, the City Hall. To celebrate we gave our annual Midyear Ball and many the sailor and his lass who attended.

The days slipped by—the first lap of our voyage was over, we were giving the farewell salute to our Senior comrades. We disbanded on a ten weeks' leave, resuming our way in September with Francis Coste at the helm, Marion Lull as aid, Margaret Cathcart keeping the log and Irene Bruno presiding over the coffers.

The time to record our accomplishments and to keep them to be handed down till time amen having come, we chose Virginia Whiting as the Editor-in-Chief of our CARDINAL, and Eric Hansen as Business Manager.

Smooth sailing was ours with only a few classmates left ashore. We lost our leader, Francis Coste, but by the consent of all, Marion Lull took his place and kept us on a successful course. The Junior Prom marked the end of another year of friendships, the completion of our last year of apprenticeship. We were now most noble Seniors, trusty, weathered seamen.



To make the cruise more enjoyable we evolved entertainment among ourselves and our members gave a play and sang for the assemblage. And yet again we donned our festal costumes and made music in a piano recital, the first of its kind.

September and we responded again to the blare of trumpets. Our bark sailed out lazily on friendly waves with Claude Wood piloting, Ruth Armstrong as aid, Charles Funnell keeping the ship accounts and Elizabeth Lee presiding over our moneys.

Far out on our course we came upon a rainbow of myriad lights. We assembled on deck—a throng of enthusiastic listeners to Mr. Rusterholtz, supreme on the trumpet; the crooning of Wilbur Edmonds; Francis Bratt and Marion Lull reminding us to “Tie A Little String Around Our Fingers”—as if we could forget; the roll and rumble of our men’s quartet vying with the cadence of the waves; watchers of Marie Kinney’s dancing feet; and as an indelible memory the far away strains of muted violins; something we will yet remember “When Our Hair Has Turned To Silver.”

Superior and supreme that program—the fitting climax to the superior activities of a supreme class.

Those three years we set aside for this attainment—can it be they have slipped by so quickly, so happily? Our search together is almost over—the port, Graduation, is just ahead. The little boats are lowered from the Mother Ship, to put out to sea, each in his own way.

The salute this time breaks the stillness for us. We leave behind us the torch, for you to carry on for the glory of this time-honored institution. We lower our colors from the mast. Farewell, you who stay behind. Farewell and good luck from the Class of Nineteen Thirty-one.

FRANCIS M. BRATT.



Class Oration

During the last twelve years the nations of the world have had their eyes turned toward a goal—planning, hoping, and seeking quite in vain. The goal is evident, it is concrete, but the means of reaching this pinnacle of accomplishment, which may be likened to the glass mountain of ancient legend, is the problem, the worry, and the despair of the nations. It is the bone of contention that is keeping us from success. "How" may the goal be attained?

From the viewpoint of many, and incidentally this includes myself, the task, for task it is, rests with the schools in general and the elementary school in particular. World peace can be gained only through Education, which has its foundation in the elementary school. War may be likened to a disease. In the school we teach abhorrence of unclean, of immoral, and of anti-social practices. Just so may we teach abhorrence of war, and the viewing of war as an anti-social condition.

Before the World War the glories of war and "My Country Right or Wrong!" formed the nucleus of all instruction. Is it to be marvelled at that people were so quick to war, so quick to fly at each others' throats? The glories of war were instilled as habits. What then? Strife and resulting war that was not so glorious in reality. Careers were ruined and the young, the fresh, the best blood of nations wasted.

The condition has been somewhat alleviated through the reformation of the elementary school, but that reformation must extend still further through the same medium if the goal is to be reached. It is in the elementary school that habits and attitudes must be and are formed. Consideration for the rights of others and willingness to cooperate are powerful attitudes. This latter factor is a tremendous aid and must be inculcated in the minds and very beings of the youth of today. It is the one thing that is keeping us from the ultimate goal. The men of affairs today are of the old school. The value of cooperation was not taught to them in their lower-grade days. The maxim taught was "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

It is in the elementary school that these habits, Peace Habits, we might call them, must be sown and cultivated. The herculean task of doing this rests with the elementary school. It lies with the elementary school to teach, to instill, and to breed in the minds of its wards the idea that they shall not allow strife and dissension to arise between the nations of the world; that they shall not allow civilization and culture to be transfixed by the insidious sword of the god of war, but rather that nation shall be unto nation as a brother unto brother and that an eternal era of peace and good-will shall pervade and reign over the activities of mankind throughout the entire world.

ERIC H. HANSEN.



Charge to the Juniors

Juniors! The day has arrived for which the Seniors have been looking and planning since they entered the Plattsburgh State Normal School in September, 1928. Our education in this institution has been completed and tomorrow we are undertaking a task which has many more responsibilities than the one which we are leaving. During our three years here we have advanced the ideals and standards of our Alma Mater, and it is with some misgivings that we turn over the continuance of this task to you. Do not misunderstand us. We do not mean to say that you are incapable of accomplishing these tasks set before you, but we do maintain that you have got to change your attitude. During your Freshman year, you showed the signs of being one of the best classes which ever attended this institution. There was nothing that you undertook which was not entirely successful. However, this year you have fallen down on the job. You did not seem to have the proper class spirit, which is so necessary if you are going to be successful. The tables were turned, and everything you undertook this year has been a failure. Remember this, Juniors, it is not the team that allows each member to work for himself, nor is it the team that spurts ahead and then quits, thinking the game is won, that ultimately achieves its goal. It is the group that has teamwork and cooperation, whose members plod on steadily toward a definite objective, that finally accomplishes worthwhile things. Therein lies your whole trouble. Because you were successful as a Freshman class, you thought that all you had to do your Junior year was to take things easy. You had conquered only in the slightest sense of the word, when you consider that to be a successful class you must do things for three years, not for one year. Will you not take time to review the activities of your class during the past year, so that you may realize what your faults have been and how easy it would be for you to correct them if every member of the class would do his little bit?

We realize that you are greatly handicapped in having such a small number in your ranks, but that does not necessarily spell failure. It is not going to be an easy task for you to reach the goal which we have already established. However, remember that you probably will be the first class to be graduated from the new Normal School building. Make every effort to be worthy of this distinction. We know you can if you will.

It has not been our intention to criticize your actions, nor to laugh at you. We have not made any sweeping, sarcastic remarks just to hear ourselves talk, but we honestly believe that you have fallen down in pushing your class to the front ranks during this year. You have fallen by the roadside, but you are not out of the race. You merely lack class spirit and loyalty which are so essential to success, regardless of what you are attempting. Why don't you, as the Senior class of 1932, make that year your banner year both in scholastic standing and social events? Stop fooling yourselves that you will attain success without working for it, then get behind your class officers and do things. Do not let anyone say when you leave this institution that you have failed, but rather let them say that you have been a success regardless of handicaps and inconveniences. If you will match your ability with the proper attitude, we may yet see the class of 1932 accomplish things.

BERTIS VANDERSCHAFF.



Answer to the Senior Charge

The hour of parting has come. Rivalry seems futile now that you, our friends, are leaving. Even so, it is difficult for us to refrain from presenting our candid opinion of you.

All in all, you are not a bad class, and we admire your valiant efforts to be scholars, although there isn't a doubt that you developed some pitiful cases of superiority complexes during the process.

As Freshmen we recognized this trait because you helped to make us so uncomfortable. As Juniors we were not slighted so noticeably by our illustrious superiors, but you maintained an aloofness which no amount of good nature on our part could condone.

Not only did you enrage us by your supercilious attitude, but also by your feeling toward the school. Although class spirit was prevalent among you, school spirit was conspicuously lacking. You never gave the underclassmen a helping hand did you? While class spirit is a fine thing as you proved to us by your many successes, aiding others does not seem to be one of your virtues. In your individual experiences you will undoubtedly learn that to have success yourself is to help others. We have given this advice, Seniors, because we believe it will be valuable to you provided you follow it.

Now, Graduates, don't think too harshly of us in parting. As we say good-bye, we ask you to remember your debt of loyalty to your Alma Mater. As for us, we will carry on to the best of our ability strengthened by the knowledge that somewhere out in the world you are anxiously hoping for our success, and for the continued success of Plattsburgh Normal School. After all, who are we to judge you and who are you to judge us? Let us recall Kipling's "L'Envoi":

"And only the master shall praise us,
And only the master shall blame.
And no one shall work for money
And no one shall work for fame—
But each for the joy of working;
And each in his separate star,
Shall paint the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are."

Adieu, Seniors! May all the good wishes which the Junior class extends to you today, come true.

DOROTHY M. TART.



Mantle Oration

The planting of the beautiful ivy which was seen clinging on the walls of our beloved old Normal School Building is the way in which classes formerly paid tribute to our dear Alma Mater. As a result of our great misfortune which made this impressive ceremony impossible, the class of 1929 originated the Mantle Oration.

Now we have come to a parting in our ways. Some of us will go into the professional field while others will enter higher institutions of learning, but may we all play our parts in a way that will bring glory to our Alma Mater.

This Mantle, though plain in appearance, is a symbol of the many happy hours spent at the Plattsburgh State Normal School. It clothes us with an air of distinction and of leadership. It represents the fulfillment of the duties, responsibilities, and traditions which belong to every Senior class.

With pride we received this Mantle from the class of 1930 one year ago today. With pleasure we now place it upon the shoulders of the class of 1932. Seniors, may you carry out its ideals and aspirations with all of the honor and dignity which is due our Alma Mater.

"Farewell! farewell!" is often heard
From the lips of those who part:
'Tis a whispered tone, 'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer sky;
But give to me the lips that say
The honest words, 'Good-bye!'

"Adieu! adieu!" may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech:
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of Friendship bursts and glows
In the warm, frank words, 'Good-bye!'

JEANNETTE E. SPRAGUE.



Reply to Mantle Oration

In behalf of the Junior class, I accept this mantle from you, the Senior Class. So we take it from your shoulders so also do we take all the duties and responsibilities of a Senior Class.

You have borne these duties and responsibilities faithfully for three years, and now as you depart, we shall attempt to take your place and keep up the standards you have set for us.

We realize our inadequacy for the task which lies before us, but with your support and the support of Senior classes of other days—we pledge you our word—we cannot fail.

GENEVIEVE DOUGLASS.



President's Address

Members of the Faculty, Classmates, Parents, and Friends: Again a class has achieved that goal to which every class looks forward—graduation. We have succeeded in spite of the fact that practically all of our three years have been spent under the greatest of handicaps. The burning of our school home in our first year was certainly a disheartening experience, but did it discourage us? Judge for yourself. Very few left the class and by a splendid spirit of cooperation we were again organized within three days. This cooperation—a thing without which no class or institution can succeed—has continued to the last. So here we are!

There is one lesson, ladies and gentlemen, that this year's senior class has learned which no other class has learned so thoroughly. That is the practical knowledge derived from the experience of overcoming seemingly unconquerable difficulties. Because we have been thrown into closer contact with each other, more intimate friendships have been formed. This has taught us a high principle, for these friendly relationships have given us greater respect for each other.

Dr. Hawkins and members of the faculty, we appreciate your untiring efforts to instill within us higher ideals. Let us try, as a class, to live up to those ideals so well established by our teachers.

Classmates, no doubt this is our united farewell. We may all meet again at some future time, but never will it be in one spirit and with one intention. You have, during the past year, bestowed upon me an honor which only one of the class could have. I wish to thank you for having chosen me to serve you as President. It is a memory that will long be cherished. Although regretting that it has ended all too soon, let me say good-bye in a spirit of cheerfulness and optimism:

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still.

CLAUDE A. WOOD,



Valedictory

Education for a Progressive Civilization

Educational leaders of America are by study and experiment adjusting educational methods to meet the needs of a rapidly changing nation.

We should realize that experiment is equally as necessary for development and improvement in educational methods and subject matter as it is for perfecting scientific and mechanical appliances. Twenty years of experiment have found that the educational methods used in the days of oil lamps are quite insufficient and unsatisfactory in this day of the airplane, radio and television.

"True education" is no longer limited to reading, writing, arithmetic, Greek and Latin because these subjects alone are not sufficient to prepare boys and girls to meet 1940 competition and to battle the dozens of problems which were unheard of twenty years ago. The editor of the *Journal of Education* has made this significant comment: "All teaching must be new teaching, because all children must learn in a new world."

Rather than condemn educational leaders for experimenting, it would seem much fairer to accuse these same men and women of a breach of public trust should they fail to experiment sanely, intelligently, and enthusiastically in an honest and exhaustive effort to harmonize educational methods and subject matter with the needs of a progressive and changing civilization.

The most popular plans for school organization started as experiments. It is generally recognized that these improved systems are superior to the old methods which made the teacher a slave to a text book and to the question and answer method. It is as fallacious to say that there is one true plan or method of education as it is to say that there is only one type of kitchen range which will do effective and efficient work. If one's home is piped for gas, it is probably best to buy a gas range. If not, an electric range may do the work just as well or better. And so it is with education. The type of organization is governed by local conditions, the qualifications of the teacher, the intelligence and background of the pupils, the equipment available.

Too many people have the idea that subject matter and methods are no good unless they are so difficult that children hate them. Why not make school interesting? The cultural and practical value of the schoolroom is enhanced rather than depreciated when the work is made interesting. Tasteless coloring mixed evenly makes imitation butter more appetizing. Many grown men and women refuse to take medicine which does not have an agreeable flavor.

If mature men and women can be persuaded to take the proper nourishment by merely changing its flavor or color, they should not deny the schools the opportunity of applying these same psychological principles in an effort to develop the immature minds, intellects, and attitudes of boys and girls. The best public schools in the country are applying these principles with remarkable success. We are convinced, after years of experience, that children learn more, remember it longer, and develop finer and more wholesome attitudes when the presentation of the subject matter is made interesting.



When all is said and done, however, only the heart of the teacher ever really knows the child, or reaches the youth with encouragement and inspiration for the years to come. Only the art of the teacher—not the science of the research worker—directly performs the actual work of true teaching so necessary for a progressive civilization.

May our teaching be of that very type, *true teaching*; teaching which will instill in our pupils right attitudes; teaching which will build for sound character, true worth, and service; teaching which will make the communities into which we go better places in which to live because we are there guiding the future citizens of those communities toward a more useful life of abundant service. May we as teachers help to make the schools of our country the torch bearers of tomorrow's progress.

For three years we, the class of 1931, have worked and played together with true professional spirit. Our three years at Plattsburgh State Normal have brought us experiences and friendships which have enriched our lives. We consider the treasures of these years very precious permanent possessions.

This Commencement morning is for us a day of victory, a day of gladness. Our graduation day marks for us a goal post toward the attainment of which we have earnestly worked. It is with much happiness that we realize that our Commencement day is here, and that we may go forth in our chosen profession with the seal of the state crowning our achievement.

Our Commencement day is not a day of pretenses, so we admit very frankly that there is a touch of sadness connected with our graduation happiness, the sadness which comes when we realize that we must say farewell to much that we hold dear. Somehow these lines from Shelley's "To a Skylark" seem particularly appropriate at this time:

"Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
saddest thought."

To our friends who have made our temporary home in Plattsburgh pleasant and profitable, we say, farewell!

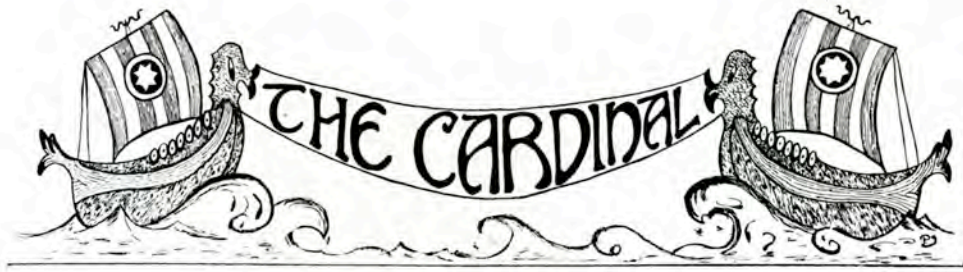
To our fellow-students, we wish success and happiness in the years to come. We leave you with the feeling that we may trust you to carry on the work of our school in a commendable manner. To you, farewell!

To you, Doctor Hawkins and members of the Faculty, our leave-taking is filled with the appreciation which comes from our association with those who so nobly typify the profession we have strived to attain. May our efforts be worthy of your guidance and encouragement. Farewell!

Classmates, today marks the end of our years together, but I am sure their memories will ever linger in our thoughts. We have accomplished much as a group during our normal school days, and it is my wish, as I know it is yours, also, that our individual accomplishments in the years to come may be worthy of these splendid years together. Classmates, to you I say a lingering farewell!

So, to you all, one last farewell, and may God bless you!

BERNICE E. HALE.



Salutatory

Our graduation day is here! How pleasant that sounds to us who have been laboring for three years to hear it. We are assembled today to commemorate the occasion, the crowning event of our career as students of the Plattsburgh State Normal School. We are here, sustained by the knowledge of one more step completed in the solution of life's problem. However, we realize that our success is due not to ourselves alone but also to you, through your encouragement and helpful guidance. Again you are doing your part in sharing with us this day of success and joy. Your presence makes it more delightful and gratifying than it otherwise could possibly be.

Members of the Faculty, Parents and Friends, the class of 1931 salutes you and welcomes you to a share in the satisfaction and joy this day affords.

There is an Art in Teaching

Cicero maintained that "not only is there an art in knowing a thing but also a certain art in teaching it." Art is said to be "a familiarity with certain principles, and skill in applying them to an end or purpose." What occupation needs more familiarity with principles, and skill in applying them, than teaching?

This fact is being recognized more and more. In no other field of professional work has the demand for more adequate preparation for service increased as rapidly as in that of teaching. Within relatively few years a definite system for granting credentials has been set up by the various states. Also, the requirements for these credentials are being increased both in quantity and quality at a rapid rate. The demands for increased preparation have tended to stabilize the profession of teaching.

With the lengthened program must come an enrichment of that program. To become a qualified educator in days to come as much training will be demanded as is now required of our physicians and doctors. Mr. Riggs of the Indian Mountain School at Lakeville, Connecticut, asserts that this "would presuppose a rigorous training in psychology and psychiatry, a technical skill in teaching one or two subjects, a grasp of education as a whole and an acquaintance with, and reverence for, knowledge (not merely a technique of imparting facts), with at least one such acquaintance ripened into an understanding friendship, in other words, true scholarship."

Nevertheless to become a qualified teacher is not enough. Some have qualified as experts, but, instead of encouraging a pupil to absorb what he cannot express, they encourage him to try to explain and express all his thoughts. It is said that



"Many a person has been made different by contact with Beethoven's 'Fifth Symphony' or Shakespeare's 'Sea Dirge,' but, generally speaking, we are all happier if he does not try to express these great works in modern terms with a subway setting." Imagination and a fine sense of the exquisite or the beautiful are quickening factors in all our teaching efforts.

Even though the period of preparation has been lengthened and a person has spent the allotted time in training, he should not feel that further study is unnecessary. Regardless of the amount of original training, it is indispensable for teachers to participate in work and study that will bring to their attention the most modern practices within their respective fields of professional work. Nor is length of preparation alone enough to furnish a reliable measure upon which to estimate teaching ability. The personality of the teacher is an important factor in the art of teaching. Let us briefly note some of the characteristics of an ideal teacher.

First, he lives a clean, blameless life so that the best influence can be exerted by him on the students. By his own actions in the classroom, honesty and justice must be proven to be essential to a person's character. In other words, it should be a "Do as I do" plan and not a "Do as I say" one.

Cooperation is a vital element in the ideal teacher. This means not only with the pupils, but also with the parents of the pupils and members of the faculty. The ability to promote and to retain pleasant relationships with others constitutes an important asset to anyone. A department in which friendly feeling and good working exist is generally one where morale is high and efficiency prevails.

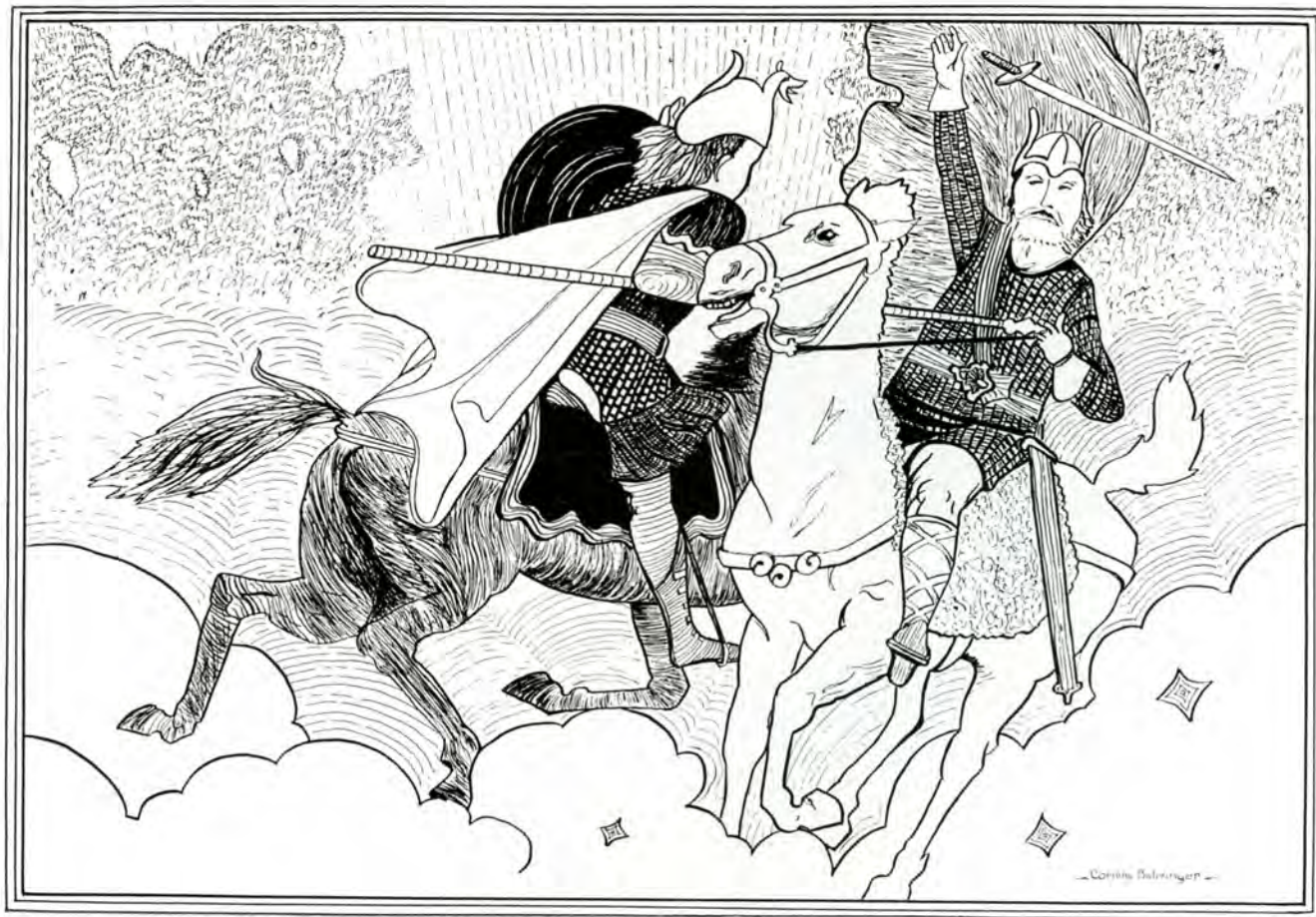
Along with the foregoing must be a sympathetic, understanding nature, by which means, weak individuals will be encouraged and all of them stimulated to wholesome, useful activity.

The few points discussed here indicate something of the complexity of teaching. It seems an impossibility for anyone to ever reach the zenith of ability in this high calling, but it is not impossible for each of us to strive for the maximum familiarity with teaching principles and skillful application of them. By such striving we shall adorn the profession we have chosen. This is art.

Browning gives us a thought which expresses nicely this idea when he says:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

AVEDIA N. REID.



Literary



"Red and Black"

"Witch eyes! Witch eyes! Turn us into cats. Run old witch eyes! I'm not scared."

The little girl turned defiantly upon him. Her corn-tassel yellow curls blew about her hot face and fury raged in her unfathomable and surprisingly black eyes. "Red-head! Red-head! Freckle-faced-red-head!" she shrieked. "Who's 'fraid of you, ole freckle face?"

The little boy with a dexterity denoting long practice, pulled down the corners of his mouth, pushed his nose up with a grimy finger and sticking out his tongue, leered at her with mocking blue eyes.

"You—you—I hate you," the girl sobbed and catching up a sharp stone she flung it with all her sturdy strength at those hateful eyes.

Thud. It took the boy very neatly just below his flaming red hair. The mocking look slipped from his face and he sat down rather suddenly in the dusty road. The little girl came and stood over him and looked at the little trickle of blood that ran down his grimy cheek from a cut just below the duller red of his hair.

He raised blue eyes full of anger and pain. "Go 'way! Go 'way!" he sobbed. The girl's black eyes filled slowly with a quiet, cold fury. "I hate you," she said slowly. "Oh! I hate you."

Just then a little breeze blew up from nowhere and it blew Father Time's pen away, and while he was looking for it the merry little breeze wrought havoc with his old record book. "Flip, flip, flip" and over went twelve or fifteen pages—and—

"Hello! Peggy Ann, you old dear.. I'm so glad to see you that I could shout it to the whole world," and Sally gave her best friend a breath-taking hug. "But doesn't the old home town seem pretty dull after frivolous college life?"

"Sally Baldwin, you're the sweetest and the dearest girl in the world. But this place will never be dull, you know. Oh, Sally," Peggy's black eyes shone with happiness, "it's the most beautiful thing in the world to be home after staying away so long. And at Thanksgiving time especially. But—what's the secret you hinted at over the phone? Haven't I been your partner in crime long enough so that I have a right to know?"

"A party, Peg. How'd you like one? All the old bunch, and, of course, Giff Kent for you and Marie Dennis for Terry. She's awfully pretty, Peg. Oh—yes—and it's going to be a masquerade. *Nobody* is to know what anyone else is wearing and when we talk we'll try and disguise our voices."

"What a lark. It will be perfectly splendid—but—do you *have* to ask that red-headed O'Neil boy?"



"Peggy Ann Pennington! What a mean thing to say. Of course, I'll ask him. Terry is one of the nicest boys I know. Just because you scrapped when you were kids is no sign that the feud has to go on forever. It's just plain silly because you're both such likable people."

"Never mind, Sally. I didn't really mean it—I'll behave. I may come as Queen Elizabeth but Terrence O'Neil needn't necessarily be Mary, Queen of Scots."

Never were queerer people assembled than at the party. A devil with rather insecure horns and a long-darted tail danced with a meek little angel with drooping white wings, and to everyone's delight he seemed to be enjoying the experience very much. Animals and flowers, queer figures with grotesque heads, and even a stately old king and queen were there.

How everyone laughed when at last a handsome young prince in purple and gold became greatly attached to a meek little country girl with a big pink sunbonnet and sash.

"How I love to dance with you," she squeaked. "How well he dances tonight," she said to herself. "He is more fun than one would think." "Simple maiden, I prithee, give me some token to remember thee by," rumbled the prince deep down in his chest and to himself he thought, "Maybe there are some girls nicer, but there aren't any that are prettier, or more intelligent than she is."

"Let's do stunts," shouted a fat, short, grey mouse with long whiskers. "Let the sunbonnet girl run around the house and sing 'In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree'!"

"Yes! Yes!" chorused the whole menagerie.

"It's too cold," squeaked the little country girl very timidly. "If you please, I'll pay my forfeit."

"We don't please—but—if it must be—well—you go kiss the handsome prince and thank him for noticing you. Do it quick for it'll be time to unmask in a minute."

The sunbonnet girl went hesitatingly up to the tall prince and held out both hands. The hour began to strike and instead of kissing him she snatched off his mask.

"Terry!!—You!" she gasped.

Terry yanked off her mask. "Peggy? Why—I thought—I thought it—"

"The feud is over," Bunny shouted. That was enough to awaken everyone and they bombarded each other with confetti and cheered—first for Peggy and then for Terry.

Peggy—crimson flooding her face and anger in her eyes—threw down the mask she held and walked slowly out of the room and Terry turned without a word and silently left the house. His princely robes flapped about him as he walked through the night air. His Irish temper raged within him.



The rest of the party looked blankly at each other. The surprised devil looked at the blinking angel. They both felt foolish and a little angry. The angel had thought the devil was Terry, the devil had thought the angel was Peggy. Then the angel giggled helplessly and the devil chuckled. Everyone began to see the funny side of it and they laughed till they cried.

"Listen, kids," Sally tried to reason with them, "Terry and Peg are going to feel awfully bad because you're acting this way. For goodness sake, calm down—they were serious enough. Didn't you see how they looked?"

"Didn't we see how they looked? I'll never forget the expression on Peggy's face, when she saw who she'd almost kissed, if I live to be a hundred," and the whole bunch went into another helpless gale of laughter.

"And the dignified way Terry flapped out. Oh, it was worth a million dollars," chuckled Tom Brown.

"Well!" Sally declared to Bunny Arnold just before she went to sleep, "if it hadn't been for Peg and Terry it would have been just a party—but, as it was—it turned out to be an episode. We'll just have to keep them separated on the picnic up the mountain tomorrow or someone will get pushed off the trail."

The next morning dawned clear and bright. The purple blue of the mountains merged into the cold, clear blue of the November sky.

"What a day," marveled Janey Bennet. "Could any day be more perfect to climb 'Old Scarface'?"

"Never another day like this one. Before or after. Got the camera, Johnny, and three or four films?"

"Here she is. Oh, yes, and here are the potatoes, apples, meat, sandwiches, *et cetera*," Johnny's good-natured voice was becoming rather annoyed. "I'm not the packhorse for this pilgrimage. How about some of the rest of you fellows lending a hand?"

"Hi, there, Giff—just in time. Good of you to bring Marie over in your roadster."

"Come on, gang—two miles 'fore we stop and I'm starving right this minute. Are you with me? Forward march!!" Peggy waved her small crimson beret as a sign to start. "May the best man eat the apples and the last one up get the cores."

"By the way," Jim Blake ventured while they were resting after an unusually stiff bit of climbing, "where on earth do you suppose Johnny can be?"

"Why that's right—he isn't here," everyone chorused. "S'pose he could have fallen over a cliff or got lost or something? Johnny's pretty fat and something might happen to him. Let's yell and see if he answers."

"Johnny!! Joh-nn-y!! OH JOH-NN-Y!!"



"Bang-bangety-rattle-bang" and Johnny came grinning up the trail—a sandwich in one hand and an apple in the other—his back piled so high with articles of every description that he looked like a veritable traveling general merchandise store. "Why-why-you big cheat," howled Jim. "Look at the grinning monkey eating up our apples and sandwiches. You just wait. Here, fellows, we'll take this junk ourselves. He can't be trusted with it."

"I sorta hoped you'd feel that way about it," Johnny chuckled with a pleased little grin as he shook his tired shoulders. "As I seem to have heard before—last one to the top is a piker. Come on—'Packhorses.'"

"Doesn't it seem just like old times, Peggy, to all be scrambling up dear old 'Scarface.' Wouldn't you like to be kids again for a while?"

"We'll always be just kids to each other—you and I, Sally. It's the rest of the world that'll be growing up—we'll just pretend we're grown up too. Come on, old pal, hurry up, the rest have left us way behind."

"At last. The conquering heroes have come." Terry threw down his sack of potatoes and began kicking the fallen leaves off the old fireplace.

"Listen, Terry," Marie advised, "you go climb way up to the top of that pine tree."

"Me? Well for—! Why?"

"Why? Why, my dear boy—your head will be our flag—our signal to let the people back in the valley know we're here. Still—they might think a forest fire had started," and Johnny doubled up with laughter.

"Oh—you—" Terry's face crimsoned to match his hair and he promptly flung his tormentor flat on the ground and sat on him, bouncing up and down to improve on this treatment.

"That's for you and your jokes that aren't even funny. You going to make fun of me any more?"

"No—no," groaned Johnny. "Why, I expect if you look you can find my ill-timed mirth squashed on these rocks for ten feet around by now."

"Oh, come, boys—don't be so silly," Marie said in her cool, even voice. "I'm hungry and Giff looks to be on his last legs."

Nobody knows how good baked potatoes really are till he's eaten them roasted in an old oven after a long hard tramp.

"You just give me one more sandwich and maybe a pickle and—oh, yes—another egg, and a cup of coffee and I'll die content with my head in Sally's lap," Peggy declared happily as she reached out her hand for one last sandwich.

"You eat much more Peggy Ann and, take it from me, you'll be dying whether you're contented or not," Tom told her seriously.

"You know once there was an old, old man," Terry said dreamily.

"Long, long years ago," added Jim.



"Who lived in a little hut away up on top of this mountain—"

"And one day he was hunting and—"

"The edge of the cliff gave way and he—"

"Fell over and cut his face on a jagged rock at the bottom—"

"And folks used to call him 'Old Scarface' ever after—"

"And that's how 'Old Scarface' got its name."

All of them except perhaps Marie and Giff knew the old tale, but it was a sort of tradition that after they ate, the story should be told as they sat about the fire.

"I'm going to find 'Old Scarface's' cliff," Peggy announced with a crooked little smile, "maybe I can get in some thinking while I'm searching for it."

Everyone sat very still after she had gone and looked into the fire. At last Giff said, "Guess I'll climb a little higher and see if I can't get some pictures to take home with me. This certainly is great old scenery. Want to come along, Marie?"

"Darn fool," Bunny commented bitterly after they had gone.

"I know, Bunny-girl, just how you feel," Johnny comforted. "After we've lived with it so long it gets to seem like our friend instead of 'great old scenery.'"

"Guess I'll stretch my legs a little," Terry announced uneasily. "I feel sort of restless and maybe a little solitude and reflection will do me good."

The rest sat silent and content about the fire. The silence was not tense and strained, it was rather, intimate and friendly. The fire crackled and glowed and the pines whispered above them.

"Something's the matter today—you can just feel it in the air," Tom said after a time.

"Yes—that's right. Look at Terry—he's so cranky you feel as though you couldn't say a word to him," and Johnny's face looked very doleful.

"Well, something's wrong with Peggy, too. She gets on your nerves. Even when she's perfectly still you can just feel her nerves and her mind twisting and jumping around all the time. You don't feel comfortable."

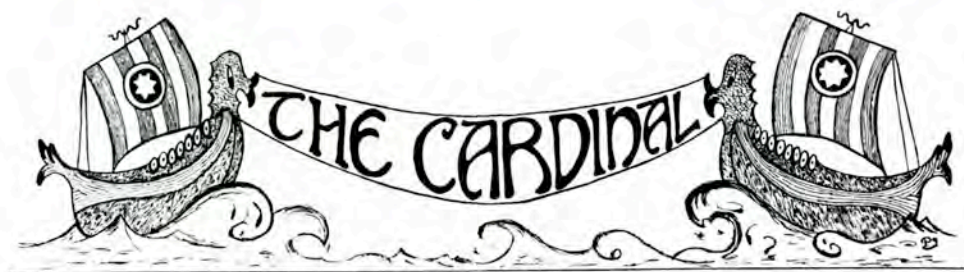
"Maybe it's that conceited Giff that's making the trouble—or maybe it's Marie."

"Perhaps," Sally sighed unhappily, "Giff's all right but he's too—too commonplace and practical for Peggy. He'll never dream any dreams."

"Well, as far as that goes Marie isn't the kind of girl to make old Terry happy. She couldn't see heaven in a sunset or an autumn leaf—not if she tried a lifetime."

"If Peggy and Terry only wouldn't be so dumb."

"I wonder if 'Old Scarface' really was a man and really did fall over a cliff," Peggy thought dreamily as she walked along in the crisp, cold November afternoon. She walked on for a moment and suddenly kicked a rock beside the path with all her might. "I hate him—oh! I hate the laughing, sneering way his eyes look at me and his red hair and his smile. I hate his tallness—I hate every single bit of him."



And then because the rock was a good solid one her foot began to hurt and sting from the fierce kicking so she sat down and cried. It was then that she saw it—the old crumbly cliff that “Old Scarface” had perhaps fallen over.

High above on a huge boulder Terry sat thinking. The warm sunshine fell on the rock and he lay looking down below him. Suddenly a red spot caught his eye. Yes, it was moving. There it was again. Terry took up his field glasses and squinted through them. He focused them upon that distant red spot. Peggy. Peggy, her red tam pulled close over her golden curls, and her red sweater covered with leaves, lay flat on the ground. Her head seemed to be over the edge of a cliff and she was looking down at something below.

“Little idiot,” thought Terry. “Doesn’t she know if the edge of that crumbled or if she lost her balance she’d probably break her neck? If it were one of the other girls I’d run down and tell her that’s a pretty dangerous business. But I’ll be darned—she isn’t going to get the chance to call me names or freeze me stiff with those black eyes. No siree!!”

But even as he looked the red figure began to crawl back a little. No, now she was going ahead again. The edge seemed to be crumbling a little, seemed to be giving way and—

“My God!” Terry gasped. “She’s over. Peggy—over!”

Half running, half sliding and falling he started for the cliff. She’d be dead, of course—her face all bloody and her body all twisted. A dry, hard sob broke from his lips and he ran faster. Peggy—dead—while he watched it happen. How awful Sally would feel. It would almost kill her. Peggy saying she’d die happy if she had another sandwich. And now she was dead. Poor little Peggy. Sandwiches. Sally.

“Now I’ll look over and see if—why! it isn’t much of any cliff at all,” he thought. “Maybe—maybe she isn’t—”

“Peggy! PEGGY! PEGGY ANN!” he shouted frantically.

Holding on to trees and brush he slid down toward where a spot of red was waving.

“Peggy—Peggy! You all right?” he gasped as he stumbled to his knees beside her. “Oh, Peggy,” he held her tightly for a moment. “I thought you’d be all bloody and twisted—I thought you’d be—dead.”

“Nope. Just twisted my ankle. It hurts pretty bad but I think I’ll live through it. Terry, stop trembling! Would you have cared as much as that if I had been dead?”

“Don’t say it—I thought it all the way. I’ll pick an easy path back to the rest and I can carry you.”



"I'm awfully sorry, Terry. I've been so hateful and disagreeable and now you offer to carry me back." Two tears of shame ran down her dusty cheeks followed by two more because her ankle hurt so much.

"Poor Peggy—does it hurt so much? You just hold on tight and I'll be as careful as I know how." And Terry's long arms gathered her up very gently.

"Terry."

"Umhum?"

"Sally will be glad we've made up."

"Sally is one of the nicest girls in the world. She thinks a lot of you and me."

"Terry."

His blue eyes looked down into Peggy's black ones.

"Is that the scar where I hit you with the stone that time?"

"Umhum. I needed it."

"I'm sorry. Bend your head down, Terry." Peggy brushed back a red lock and left a light kiss on the little white scar.

Terry held her more closely, more carefully—because, if you'd asked him, he'd have said that he had the whole world in his two arms.

HELEN BROMLEY, '31.





A Matter of Letters

"You're rather wonderful yourself, you know," she murmured, "but we've only known each other for such a short time." The soft lap of the lake against the shore and the wind whispering in the pine trees were the only sounds to break the poignant silence that followed. The moon looked wisely down and smiled on the young couple wrapped in silence below. The stars set in their background of heaven-blue twinkled dreamily at each other. It was June, and June means Youth, and Love, and Happiness.

"Tell me 'yes,' please, dear," he pleaded. "Even if we've only known each other two months, it's long enough for me to know that I love you—more than anything. You do care, don't you?"

"Who wouldn't—with this sky and moon for atmosphere? But I do like you. Rog. It's so darn hard to decide. Tell you what I'll do. Give me a week—don't see me at all, and sometime during the week I'll decide and write you my answer. Will you?"

"All right, but I'd be the happiest man on earth if you'd tell me right now, Connie dearest. Guess I'll have to wait though."

"Shall we go back now?"

"If you want to—"

And they were off—back to the rest of the party, where there was gayety, laughter, and music—back to the youth of which they were a part.

Thursday already! Why the devil hadn't she written by now? She had had plenty of time to think it over. Tomorrow he'd—"Home already, sonny boy?" the voice of his mother broke in. "And here's Janet too. Father just phoned that he is on his way; so hurry up and wash for dinner."

"Just a minute—any mail today?" Roger asked eagerly. He looked so expectant that his mother could not help smiling as she answered, "Why yes, there was a letter, but I do not know whom it was for. Ruddy was playing out in the yard when the postman came, and the man gave the letter to him to bring up to me on the porch, as he sometimes does. Ruddy suddenly decided the letter was for him I guess, because he scampered away with it. I called to him to bring it to me, but he only wagged his tail and trotted away. He never did anything like that before. The phone rang then, and I came in to answer it. I thought maybe he'd bring it to me, but he didn't. I didn't see him again until about half an hour later, and then he didn't have the letter with him. I'm sure it was that letter from Mrs. Winslow saying that she could not come for the week-end. She said if anything did happen that she couldn't come she would write me."



"Oh, Mother," Janet broke in impatiently, "I'm sure it was a letter that I have been expecting from Rodney Forbes asking me to the senior ball."

"Just a minute," said Roger, "don't be too sure that you're the only one that ever gets any mail. I have been expecting a letter for a week and now that it's finally arrived the dog had to go and chew it up."

"Perhaps he didn't chew it up. He may have dropped it some place in the yard," said his mother gently.

"Let's have a look," cried Janet. "If we don't find it I'm going to wring that dog's neck."

"Janet—" her mother remonstrated, but too late, for Janet was already out in the yard, and Roger with her, whistling to the mischievous pup.

Fifteen minutes of frantic search brought them both back into the house with no results. "Dinner is ready. Aren't you ever going to get ready for so commonplace a function?" Mrs. Standish asked.

"Yes, Mother darling," Janet gaily called, "and after that—that dear old dog of ours is going to confess his secret sin."

"Dad, did Mother tell you the tragedy?" Rog inquired as the family group was assembled at dinner.

"What tragedy?" Mr. Standish asked. "Don't tell me that you have had another promotion so soon."

"No, not business this time, Dad. Ruddy ran off with a letter for me that the postman gave him to bring up from the walk today."

"Golly, you're so sure it's your letter that I know it must be mine," drawled Janet.

"But where is the letter?" asked Mr. Standish.

"That's what we don't know," answered his wife. "I've been wondering if it was a letter from Mrs. Winslow saying that she is not coming up for the week-end."

"Let's have another look around," said Roger to Janet as they finished dinner. But all the teasing and coaxing they might do produced no results on Ruddy. Too bad some human beings cannot keep a secret as well as he did.

Consternation reigned at the breakfast table in the morning. "Oh, Mother," Janet wailed, "how am I going to know whether that was from Rodney or not, and I'm just dying to go to that dance."

"If you don't hurry, Janet dear, you'll be late again, and you've only about two cuts left for this semester. College has not taught you how to be on time yet, has it?" said her mother.

"Yes, darling, I'm on my way. And, Mother, if you find the letter phone me, won't you, please?"

"Yes, dear. Good-bye."



And all the way down to the office, where he was already well on the way to success, Roger thought—"Was it from her?—What should a fellow do, anyway? Sounded silly to tell a girl the dog ran away with her answer to the most important question in the world." So intensely was he thinking that the long silver roadster almost cut a traffic signal before he realized how fast he had been going.

At home Mrs. Standish was thinking—"Well, I'm just not going to make any extra plans for the week-end for I am sure that letter was from Mrs. Winslow." But she did make sure to bring in the mail herself that day.

Friday passed somehow, and Friday night another search for the letter was made. Janet was sure that the dog had chewed the letter to bits. Mr. Standish was enjoying the situation immensely. "Just think, all this fuss over a little letter. Why I haven't seen a smile on your face for two nights now," he reminded his daughter.

"Well, I guess you wouldn't smile either if you wanted to go to that dance as badly as I do, and then didn't know whether a darn old dog chewed up the letter or not."

While over the phone Roger was saying—"Connie, dearest, I couldn't wait any longer—I want to hear you say it yourself."

And over the wire came a soft—"Rog, dear heart, I was just going to call you myself—couldn't be bothered with taking so much time to write a silly old letter."

"It must have been your letter—it wasn't mine, Janet," he called as he dashed out the door.

Mrs. Standish was greatly surprised to answer the door to Mrs. Winslow and her two daughters the next morning. "Why, come in," she cried and in her heart she was wondering just why she had been so sure that the letter had been for her. "I am so glad to have you with us again," she told them, as she wondered why she had not ordered those fresh roses for the table, and wished she had done the million and one little things she had neglected.

"Oh, Mother," came a call from the living room a few hours later. "Here is my letter. It just came. It must have been yours that—" and she stopped short as Grace Winslow entered the room crying, "Janet, you darling, you haven't changed a bit."

That afternoon Mr. Standish chuckled to himself as he read a letter that Ruddy brought to him. The letter was covered with dirt and paw prints, but Ruddy deposited it with a delighted bark, almost as though he knew how much worry he had caused. Mr. Standish smiled as he read:

"Dear Madam: No home is complete without this amazing new set of books—"

DORIS WOODEN, '31.





Beta Sigma

Officers

<i>President</i>	BERNICE HALE, '31
<i>Vice-President</i>	GENEVIEVE DOUGLASS, '30
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	AVEDIA REID, '31
<i>Advisor</i>	PAUL H. HARTMAN

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Helen Bromley	Isabel Stone	Everest Allen
Edna Dennis	K. Claire Downs	Shirley Duquette
M. Adelle Fraser	James McAloon	Annette Watson
Bernice Hale	Dorothy Scharff	Virginia Whiting

Active Members

1931

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M. Adelle Fraser	Margaret Dunn	Genevieve Harvey
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Annette Watson	Marion Nichols	Glen Austen
	Viola Wells	

1930

Genevieve Douglass	Gladys Stickney	Margaret Ryan
Marion Call	Elizabeth Phelps	Dorothy Tart
Frances Hunter	Lillian Arthur	Sybil Brown

*Presidents.

One hundred thirteen



Beta Sigma

Beta Sigma has now been organized for a year and a half. In this brief period, we feel that it has been successful.

Beta Sigma originated through the efforts of a few enthusiastic students of literature, who had taken the course in advanced literature and felt that they would like more of the same material. Mr. Paul H. Hartman, instructor of English and literature, was asked to lend his support. With him as a faculty advisor, the club has received much pleasure and profit.

The mythical winged horse, Pegasus, is the chosen symbol of Beta Sigma. It was through the aid of Doctor Henshaw that "Beta Sigma" became the initials of our club—the symbols being very appropriate.

To be eligible for membership one must have earned at least a "B" grade in general literature, and must be sufficiently interested in this subject to be willing to devote considerable time to its further study.

It is the custom to choose a unit for study which will interest the majority of the group. This year the majority of the votes were for modern plays. Therefore, we purchased "Representative Modern Plays" by R. A. Cordell and used it as a basis for our study.

This year seems to us to have been quite a busy one for Beta Sigma. First, of course, are our weekly meetings held every Wednesday for one hour. Then in our assembly programs, we let our literary talent shine forth. The first program consisted of cuttings from literature interpreted in pantomime. The second one was called "Beta Sigma at Work." Three original poems, written by members of our club, were read, also an original paper on "Immortal Horses." One of the high points of the program was the presentation of a plaque to the school. The name of the winner of the CARDINAL Story Contest is to be engraved on it each year. The plaque contains space for ten names.

So we close with the hope that the new members will continue to carry out the purpose for which this club was established and uphold its customs to the best of their ability.

AVEDIA REID,
Secretary.



There are papers detrimental,
There are papers documental
That will often bother us in future years.
There are papers sentimental,
There are papers accidental
That will oft' arouse our pleasures or our fears.



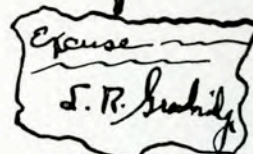
But the ones of which we're proudest,
Hate the worst, berate the loudest
As a rule
Are the ones that haunt us daily
All about us sadly, gaily,
Here at school.



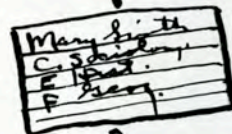
Rostrum essays with the giver
White and frightened—all a-shiver,
Out of breath.
None but grave and wise will try it,
Others hurriedly pass by it—
Scared to death.



Excuses that we sigh for,
That we hopelessly must cry for
On our knees.
Those excuses necessary,
Which the teachers quite contrary,
Cannot please.



Cards that make us dance or languish,
Cards that bring us joy or anguish,
Smiles or sighs.
Don't know how to pull the A's.
E's come forty million ways,
Also I's.



Dancing, music, laughter, light,
Tuxes gleaming—stiff and white.
Dance till dawn.
Hearts are full of joy and laughter,
Forgotten—days that hurry after,
Trouble gone.



Pretty little invitation,
It awakens admiration,
In each heart.
Has our seal upon the cover,
Says our Normal days are over,
Time to part.



Finis

Helen Brown

THE CARDINAL



A dense collage of 24 black and white photographs from the 1930s. The photos are arranged in an overlapping, non-linear fashion. They depict various people in different settings: formal portraits of couples, outdoor group shots of families or friends, candid moments of people walking or standing, and some indoor scenes. The subjects are dressed in typical 1930s attire, such as suits, dresses, and hats. The backgrounds vary from urban streets and buildings to open fields and gardens. The overall tone is nostalgic and personal, capturing everyday life and special occasions of the era.



Peg's Escapade

On Sunday afternoon not long ago
Miss Peggy Dun was riding 'cross the snow
With open cutter and horse as of olden days
"Ah, no, 'twas not the hand-drawn kind," she says.

The sun was shining brightly on the snow
And over all there was a rosy glow,
For Charley Cook was sitting by her side
And promised her a most delightful ride.

But Peggy did not know just whom to thank
When she was tumbled into that snow bank.
Did Charley try to play a clever trick?
Or was friend horse excited? (Take your pick.)

Regardless of the reason or the game
The net result we find is just the same;
For there they sat together in the snow,
With Charley's horse and sleigh still on the go.

The horse just kept a-running with the sleigh
And then an auto came along that way.
The horse just made a frantic plunge and dart—
The auto caused the horse and sleigh to part.

That is all the story that I heard
But all of it is true—yes, every word.
If more about this famous ride you'd know,
Just question Peggy Dunn or her best beau.



Fraternities





The Interfraternity Council

The Interfraternity Council is a body composed of three representatives from each sorority and fraternity, there being two Senior members and one Junior member.

It regulates such questions as may come before it concerning "rush" and in this way strives to attain its purpose of promoting a feeling of congeniality and cooperation among the sororities and fraternities.

H. LOUISE BELANGER,
Secretary.

Interfraternity Council Register

Officers

President.....CHARLES FUNNELL
Vice-President.....CLAIRE SENECA
Secretary.....LOUISE BELANGER
Treasurer.....MARGARET RYAN

Members

Clonian

Claire Senecal
Ann LeVarn
Louise Washburn

Agonian

May Tecklenburg
Frances Roche
Margaret Ryan

Alpha Delta

Annette Watson
Louise Belanger
Kathleen McAloon

Delta Tau Chi

Joseph Teti
Victor Kelley
Edward Lavigne

Kappa Kappa Kappa

Charles Funnell
Raymond Brown
Bradford Sterling



Active Chapters of Clionian



Founded 1878

ALPHA, Geneseo

BETA, Oneonta

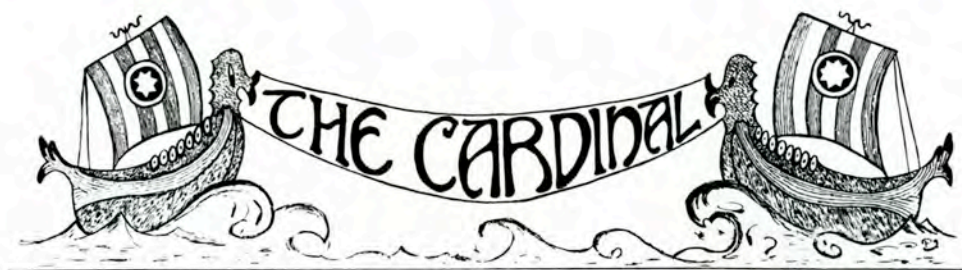
DELTA, Plattsburgh

KAPPA, Potsdam

EPSILON, Oswego

ETA, New Paltz

GAMMA, Cortland



Delta Chapter of Clionian

Sorores in Facultate

Mrs. O. H. Amsden

Miss Kate E. Hull

Mrs. Harry Kehoe

Miss Alice O'Brien

Mrs. J. H. Rusterholtz

Mrs. W. G. Thompson

1931

Francis Bratt

Ann LeVarn

Dorothy Scharff

Kathryn Dawes

Marian Lull*

Claire Senecal

Elizabeth Jones

Ethel Relation

Blanche Whitman

Irma Roth

1932

Margaret Brennan

Louise Washburne

Dorothy Anderson

Mildred Broderick

Elizabeth Phelps*

1933

Mildred Carter

Helen Socia

Geraldine Layman

Frances Holland

Irene Hosley

Veronica LaBombard

Mae Webster

Marjorie Stickney

*Delegates to Convocation.





Clionian History

The flames in the fireplace flicker, burst into myriad colored sparks and cast soft light about the room, coming back to rest on the figure curled up in the great armchair silhouetted against the glow. Books, timeworn and lovely, are scattered about in friendly profusion. The tassels of gaily colored dance programs dangle from the edges of one, pictures peer forth from another.

The figure stirs. It is a not-young-but-not-yet-old person who bends forward peering intently at the flames. At what is she looking? The book on her knee tells the story. The caption meets our eye, "The Clionian Society was formed in 1872 at the Geneseo State Normal School." Ah, now we understand and can see, as she does, not just flames but figures and we go with her—reminiscing.

She sees a group of laughing, happy girls—people, and more people. She seems to hear far away low music. The scene becomes more distinct. Why, it's Open House at the Young Women's League—and what was the name of that orchestra?—Wilbur Edmonds' Agitators, of course!

What is that in the dancing blue of the driftwood flame—girls in softly colorful evening gowns—the tinkling of glasses—toasts—and again the under-current of a pleading saxophone. The scene is the Witherill Hotel; the event, the successful conclusion of the rushing season which brought ten new Clios under the colors.

The logs snap again and in the sparks we see a smiling girl seemingly labeling a young man—yes, there it is—diamond-shaped with yellow lettering, which says "Clio Tag Day, 1930."

In turn the pictures appear and disappear in the changing light—an informal house dance—the annual alumni bridge. Then strange figures flit from log to log. They are clothed in old-fashioned primness and from the distance comes the mellow strains of "Memories"—our "assembly program." The figure in the chair seems smiling at something, perhaps it is at Carolyn Clarke in flaming scarlet under an umbrella-sized hat or maybe two blue and white checked figures chanting "School Days" . . . who knows?

The flames are now bright, now dim, as one by one they flicker and are gone. The pictures fade with them and another year is ashes. But the smile deepens on our watcher's face as she remembers the joy of that year, of the successes and of the 'friends, true and lasting, countless in number like the petals of the golden chrysanthemum of Clio itself.

FRANCIS M. BRATT, '31.



Chapters of Alpha Delta

ALPHA, Brockport

BETA, Onconta

GAMMA, Fredonia

DELTA, Cortland

IOTA, Edinboro, Pa.

EPSILON, Geneseo

ZETA, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ETA, Oswego

THETA, Plattsburgh

KAPPA, Potsdam



Alpha Delta Theta

1931

Catherine Allen	Mabel Horstman	Beatrice Patnode
Ruth Armstrong	Elizabeth Lee	Jeannette Sprague
Corinne Bahringer	Magdalena Mykalosky	Annette Watson*
Louise Belanger	Marion Nichols	Alice Welden
Margaret Cathcart		Helen Winkler

1932

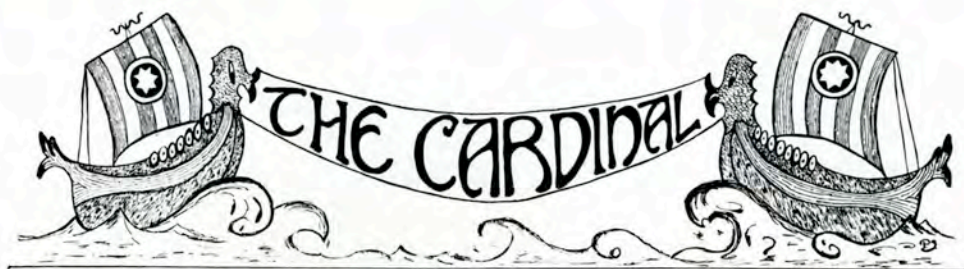
Marion Call	Mary Hickey	Rose Patnode
Elsie Crammond	Mildred Leazott	Eleanor Pyle
Lena De Laire	Kathleen McAloon*	Gladys Stickney
Lyda Drowne	Katherine McKinney	Dorothy Tart
	Alice Pardy	

1933

Raymah Arnold	Elizabeth Clifton	Eleanor Morrison
Mila Bola	Margaret Goodspeed	Christina Reid
Elizabeth Carey	Bertha Jaques	Rowena Roblee

* Delegates to convocation.





The Alpha Delta Sorority

Another year has passed into history, and the Theta Chapter of Alpha Delta takes pride in its success and glory.

Twenty-four girls, all anxious to be again with their sorority sisters at P. S. N. S., greeted the new school year in September. Early in October we opened our doors at Normal Court and welcomed the entire student body at our annual Open House.

"Rush" season with its hopes and anticipations started after our five-week examinations. The Alpha Deltas very fittingly entertained the Freshmen at Normal Court in the popular sport, Miniature Golf.

Hallowe'en, with all its weird atmosphere, was the date of our second party which was a formal banquet held at the Cumberland Hotel.

Our Lucky Star party brought us twelve Freshmen who were ready and willing to take the pledge of Alpha Delta.

Four weeks after Pledge the Freshmen were duly surprised to find themselves the subjects of their Alpha Delta superiors.

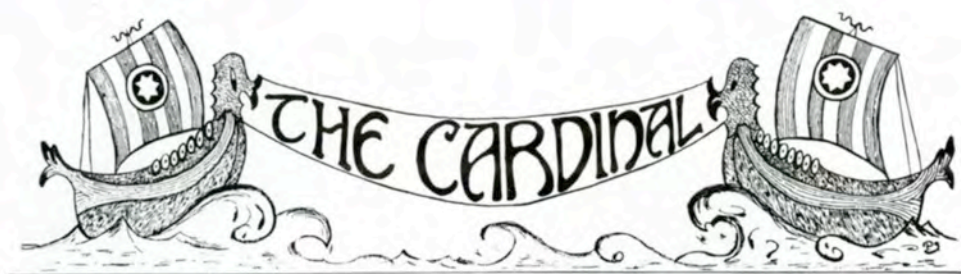
A successful card party was given on November 12.

Just before Christmas vacation a house dance was held at Normal Court.

One of the jolliest events of the year was an intersorority sleigh ride after which dancing and refreshments were enjoyed at Normal Court.

Memories of old-fashioned school days were brought back by our presentation of scenes from the "Huckleberry Finn Schoolhouse" given at the City Hall on February 26.

Various other events helped to make this a very enjoyable and worthwhile year.



Active Chapters of Alpha Kappa Phi

ALPHA, Geneseo, 1885

BETA, Oneonta, 1891

DELTA, Plattsburgh, 1892

ZETA, Brockport, 1896

ETA ALUMNAE, Jamaica, 1898

THETA, Cortland, 1902

KAPPA, New Paltz, 1924

EPSILON, Oswego, 1925

GAMMA, Potsdam, 1928



Delta Chapter of Alpha Kappa Phi



Established 1892

Sorores in Facultate

Anne L. Carroll

Bertha M. Bardwell

Anne O'Brien

Elizabeth M. Ketchum

Erminia M. Whitley

1931

Irene Bruno

Margaret Devany

Maxine Fitch

M. Adelle Fraser

Eva Gamble

Florence Gonyea

Marguerite Hawley

Marie Kinney

Irene McKillip

Frances Roche

Geraldine Rockerfeller

Marion Slezak

May Tecklenburg

Muriel Thompson

Elizabeth Thomson

Virginia Whiting

Florence Wilson

1932

M. Genevieve Douglass

Katherine Evans

Mary Finessey

Patricia Kelly

Helene McGrath

Irene McGrath

Margaret Quinn

Margaret Ryan

Patricia Shipman

Anita Wolcott

1933

Florence Beauvais

Margaret Bourey

Marjorie Columbe

Margaret Coopy

Agnes Finnegan

Anna Fogg

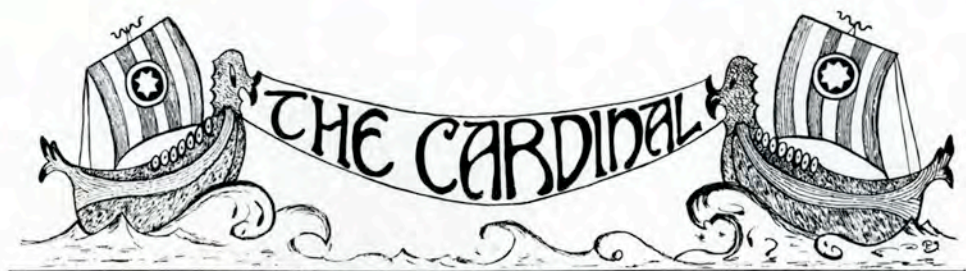
Ruth Gonyea

Maefred Loope

Marie McCormick

One hundred thirty-one





History of Alpha Kappa Phi

We wind our way through the year with thoughts of the future in mind, never realizing the history we are forming. How much have we contributed to make this world of ours better this year than last?

Let us take a peek at our good ship *Ago*. We lifted anchor on September 8. Aboard ship we had some who were weather-wise, and others who were inexperienced. At any rate, we all started out in shallow water trying to help the new sailors for there were many storms before we reached shore again. Marie Kinney was skipper and how wisely the Agos of '30 had chosen her. She started us off well and surely kept us to our course.

Knowing the value of play, we combined it with work. Our first party was our welcome to the Freshmen as well as to the whole student body. We had them as our guests on September 18 at Open House. After this, the ship seemed to be going on smoothly through the calms.

We had been out five weeks when we reached the anticipated moment. We could see land! "Rush"—that "Monte Carlo" of ours was reached! We braved the storm and came out with fourteen new members added to our crew. Our parties had been a success from the lowliness of the Bowery Party to the Formal Dinner at the Cumberland Hotel.

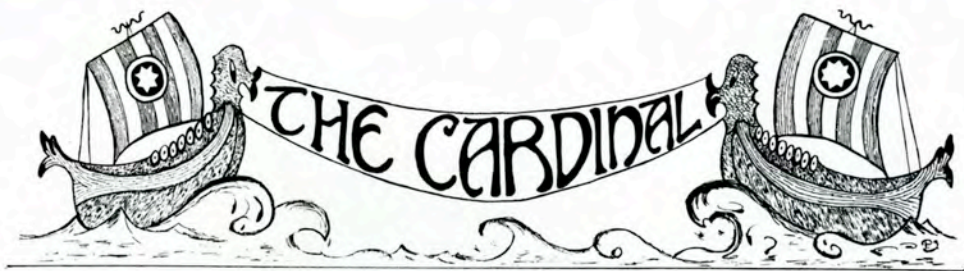
Our financial success was also most pleasing. In the first administration we held several food sales. Under the new administration with Florence Wilson as skipper we conducted a rummage sale, a fancy sale and a card party.

Then came our new leader, Virginia Whiting. That meant our initiation captain. Initiation brought a dread into the heart of every Freshman but when it terminated, the "Frosh" all seemed as happy as before.

Our last skipper has steered us into port. Margaret Devany has guided us with all the skillfulness of an experienced executive and we found our journey all too short. Although we are sad to lose our Seniors from Ago House, we are saying *au revoir* and not good-bye. May they always live in memories of Alpha Kappa Phi beneath the safety of its anchor.

GENEVIEVE DOUGLASS.





Chapters of Kappa Kappa Kappa

ALPHA, Buffalo

GAMMA, Oswego

BETA, Cortland

DELTA, Plattsburgh

PI ALPHA (passive), Buffalo

Delta Chapter of Kappa Kappa Kappa

Fratres in Facultate

Dr. George K. Hawkins

William G. Thompson

Alfred Diebolt

Frederick A. Wilkes

Paul H. Hartman

F. Osgood Smith

1931

Glen Austen

Charles Funnell

Loryne Connick

Raymond Brown

Joseph Trombly

Bradford Sterling





Delta Chapter of Kappa Kappa Kappa

Kappa Kappa Kappa, founded at Buffalo State College, Buffalo, N. Y., in 1920, is a fraternity among teachers' colleges and normal schools.

The president and founder, James H. Finley, together with J. Arthur Bellfield, Albert A. Meinhold, Albert E. Stalker and Alfred P. Weyler, subscribed their names to the constitution of this Fraternity November 14, 1921.

Since then, the parent body, the Alpha Chapter, has authorized subordinate chapters at Cortland, Oswego, Plattsburgh and Buffalo, known as Beta, Gamma, Delta, and Pi Alpha, respectively.

The grand officers of Kappa Kappa Kappa are: Arthur Eaton, grand president; Thomas Murray, grand vice-president; J. Kenneth Horton, grand secretary; Everett Bennett, grand treasurer; and Fred Finsterbach, grand librarian.

The Kappan is the official publication of the Fraternity. It is published semi-annually. J. Kenneth Horton is the editor-in-chief. Each chapter is represented through an associate editor.

From its beginning Delta Chapter has strived to sponsor school spirit and to aid in every activity that had for its end the betterment of the school.

At the close of this year Delta Chapter becomes passive but, nevertheless, no matter to what parts of the earth its members have gone they will be bound together by that great spirit of fellowship and cooperation which has always been so characteristic of Kappa Kappa Kappa.





Delta Tau Chi

Established 1927

Honorary Members

Mr. Samuel Todd
Dr. A. W. Henshaw
Mr. H. Otis Noyes

Mr. John Rusterholtz
Mr. Lyndon R. Street
Mr. Charles W. Brown

Mr. Lewis B. Clark
Mr. Robert Booth
Mr. W. W. Renshaw

Members

1931

John Collins
Bruce Deane
John Gadway
Victor Kelly*

Ralph Pombrio*
Bertis Vander Schaaff*
Lewis Smith

Joseph Teti
Everett Thomas
Laurence Thornton
Claude Wood

1932

Roderick Buckley

Edward Lavigne

Francis Pierce

1933

Reginald Stark

*Presidents for the year of 1930-31.





History of Delta Tau Chi

The Delta Tau Chi Fraternity was formed in 1927 by Prof. Samuel Todd. The Fraternity was founded to show the students how they could serve their school better and also to create better potential teachers.

As a good start for the club's year of activities the "Rush Banquet" was introduced at the Peru Tavern. Members near and far proved loyal to their Fraternity by the manner in which they assisted in making the evening an enjoyable, as well as a profitable occasion.

Other worthwhile parties were continued in the "Y. M. C. A." and in the club rooms of the Fraternity. These parties will long be remembered for the good "feeds" as well as hotly contested bridge parties with the friendly arguments which always resulted.

Delta Tau Chi gladly volunteered to lend its hand and talent to the furtherance of wholesome entertainment and education during our school assembly periods. For this purpose six of our best orators were selected to debate the question, "Resolved: That the Entrance of American Women Into Industry Has Been In the Best Interest of Society." These debaters proved themselves to be able and popular for after they presented the assembly program they were invited to appear before the Discussion Club and other organizations.

Now that the year is almost ended we look upon our friendships made through Delta Tau Chi as the most sacred friendships that we have ever known in our school life. We know that these friendships will be lasting as has been proved by the brothers who have left our ranks in years gone by. Each one of us will strive to live up to the ideals which are the foundations of Delta Tau Chi and which contribute to the successful training of our teachers.

LEWIS L. SMITH, '31.



Motion Picture Review

Safety in Numbers.....	Senior Class
Green Pastures	Freshman Class
Anybody's War	Rush Season
All Quiet on the Western Front	End of Rush Season
Sinners' Holiday	Christmas Vacation
Caught Short	Mid-year Exams
Hell's Angels	Two Normal Students
Dawn Patrol.....	A Fraternity Waiting for a New Pledge
The Social Lion	Wilbur Edmonds
Truth About Youth	Brad Sterling
Women Everywhere	P. S. N. S.
Good Intentions	Faculty
He Knew Women.....	Bob Lasher
Let's Go Native.....	Faculty Basketball Squad
Her Man.....	Helen Socia (needless to say Van stars)
The Border Legion.....	Graduation List in June
Happy Days	Graduation



Alumni



Officers of Alumni Association

<i>President</i>	MRS. ANDREW RYAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	DR. WM. LADUE
<i>Secretary</i>	MRS. CLARK EMERY
<i>Treasurer</i>	MRS. JOHN RUSTERHOLTZ



ALUMNI NEWS

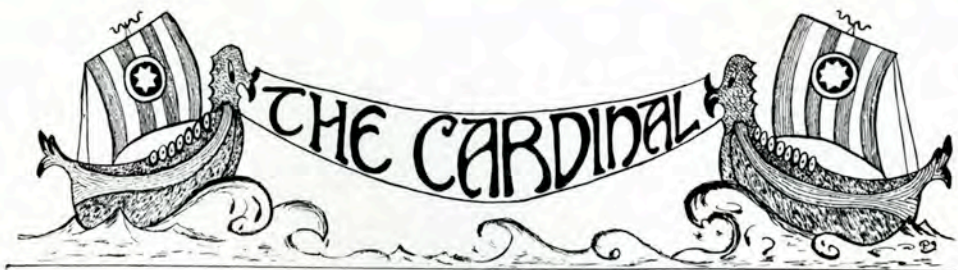
THE PLATTSBURGH REUNION AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY FOR THE SUMMER SESSION 1930

Doctor Lomax and Doctor Tonne, faculty members of New York University, spoke at the reunion. Doctor Lomax mentioned the fine reputation the Plattsburgh State Normal School has for turning out efficient teachers; he also called attention to the work Mr. W. G. Thompson has done in placing the commercial training of teachers to the high level it now has in New York State.

Those present at the reunion were:

- '17 Adelle E. Mattson, Freeport High School, Freeport, L. I.
- '25 Harold H. Stratton, Farmingdale High School, Farmingdale, L. I.
- '27 Augustin L. Cosgrove, Freeport High School, Freeport, L. I.
- '27 Emily Kupisewski, Lincoln High School, Garfield, N. J.
- '28 Helen M. Murphy, Mechanicville High School, Mechanicville, N. Y.
- '28 James R. Meehan, Cleveland Junior High School, Elizabeth, N. J.
- '28 Adelaide E. White, Saranac Lake High School, Saranac Lake, N. Y.
- '28 Blanche Hildebrant, Newburgh High School, Newburgh, N. Y.
- '28 Frances Nash, Elmsford, N. Y.
- '28 Mario Del Favero, Schroon Lake, N. Y.
- '29 Albert D. Angell, Jr., Drake Business College, Paterson, N. J.
- '29 Helen M. Montany, Cuba High School, Cuba, N. Y.
- '29 George L. Gallant, assistant coach and commercial teacher as Potsdam High School, Potsdam, N. Y.
- '30 Rita L. Aberle, Glens Falls High School, Glens Falls, N. Y.
- '31 Margaret M. Dunn of Port Washington, L. I.
- '30 Louise Dalton and Don Roberts, also of '30, were seen at New York University last summer.
- '23 Edward B. Dodds, who is teaching in the Port Washington High School, Port Washington, L. I., is attending night classes at N. Y. U.

We have been told that the following are regular day students at New York University: Muriel Woodward, Sheard Parker '29, Ruth Gray, Lois Delano,



Muriel Sullivan, Archie Marino '30,
Nellie Cardilla, Margaret Cunningham,
Rose Gold.

Thomas Brown attends New York
University and teaches in Hackensack,
N. J.

PLATTSBURGH GRADUATES WHO DESERVE HONORABLE MENTION FOR THEIR WORK AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

'17 Benjamin R. Haynes, who was an
instructor at N. Y. U. last sum-
mer, is now teaching in the
School of Education, University
of Southern California, Los
Angeles, Calif.

'27 Augustin L. Cosgrove is a member
of Phi Delta Kappa and Kappa

Delta Pi, honorary fraternities
at N. Y. U.

'28 Mario Del Favero was initiated
into the Rho Chapter of the na-
tional honorary scholastic frater-
nity of Phi Delta Kappa at
N. Y. U.

Two officers of the N. Y. U. Teach-
ers' Commercial Club are graduates of
Plattsburgh State Normal School:

'25 F. W. Loso, vice-president,

'27 Augustin Cosgrove, treasurer.

Class of 1930

Rita Aberle is a member of the fac-
ulty at Glens Falls, N. Y.

Dorothy Adams is teaching in South
Fallsburg, N. Y.

Patricia Adams is teaching in
Ausable Forks, N. Y.

Nina Austen is attending Buffalo
State Normal at Buffalo, N. Y.

Ada Babcock is teaching at Mas-
sena, N. Y.

Encie Babcock is teaching in Linden-
hurst, L. I., N. Y.

Raymond Becker is teaching in
Clayton, N. Y.

Elizabeth Bradley is teaching in
North Hoosick, N. Y.

Julia Bishop is teaching at Bloom-
ingdale, N. Y.

Tracy Brennan is teaching at East
Worcester, N. Y.

Marjory Brown is teaching in the
Luzerne High School.

Violet Burrell is teaching in Andes,
N. Y.

Estelle Carr is teaching in Schaghti-
coke, N. Y.

Shepard Clark is teaching at Shelter
Island, N. Y.

Catrynia Columbe is teaching in
Highland, N. Y.

Bernadette Connell is teaching in
Jay, N. Y.

Geraldine Cordick is teaching in
Willsboro, N. Y.

Vivian Clark is teaching in Hudson,
N. Y.

Vera Couture is teaching in New
York City.

Elizabeth Cronin is employed in an
office in Elmira, N. Y.

Eleanor Cunningham is teaching in
St. Albans, Vt.

Louise Dalton is teaching in the
Watertown High School, Watertown,
N. Y.

Edna Dennis is a member of the fac-
ulty at Coeymans, N. Y.

Samuel Dennison is teaching in
Cherry Valley, N. Y.

Mary Donnelly is teaching in the
Troy Business College, Troy, N. Y.



Donald Downs is teaching in Chittenango, N. Y.

Herbert Drumn is teaching in Boonton, N. J.

Astrid Edwardson is teaching in the Franklinville High School, Franklinville, N. Y.

Renee Falcon is employed in the Merchants' National Bank of Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Ruth Fenton is teaching at Fair Haven, N. Y.

Maurice Finnegan is teaching in the Malone High School, Malone, N. Y.

Richard Ford is teaching in Lackawanna, N. Y.

Mary Gergely is teaching in Willsboro, N. Y.

Beatrice Gokey is employed in the District Surrogate's office in Canton, N. Y.

Richard Grefe is teaching in Tonawanda, N. Y.

Doris Gregory is an instructor in the Plattsburgh Business Institute of which Mr. Todd is principal.

Pauline Hall is teaching in her home town, Long Lake, N. Y.

Mae Heckert is teaching in the New York Mills High School.

Nellie Hughes is teaching in the Syracuse Central Business College, Syracuse, N. Y.

Edna Kearns is employed as bookkeeper in Gloversville, N. Y.

Lydia Kenniston is teaching in Malone, N. Y.

Tate LaFountain is living in Dannemora, N. Y.

Harriet Lasher is teaching at Little Valley, N. Y.

Ethel Lewis is teaching in the school at Coeymans, N. Y.

Raymond Light is teaching in Dexter, N. Y.

Helen Ipphart is teaching in Watertown, N. Y.

Alice Lowry is teaching in Binghamton, N. Y.

Ethel LaMare is a teacher in Lyon Mountain, N. Y.

Elizabeth McClintock is teaching in Geneva, N. Y.

Alfred Millet is teaching in the Amityville High School, Amityville, N. Y.

Elizabeth Miller has a secretarial position in the Locust Valley School, L. I., N. Y.

Catherine Moran is teaching in Lackawanna, N. Y.

K. Mueller is a member of the faculty at Frankfort, N. Y.

Frances Mulvey is teaching in Hanccon, N. Y.

Helen Murphy is teaching in Granville, N. Y.

Mary Nolan is teaching in Vernon, N. Y.

Annis Norcross is working in an office in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Mary O'Connell is teaching in Norfolk, N. Y.

Frank Pender is teaching in the Syracuse Central Business School, Syracuse, N. Y.

Celia Plumley is teaching in Bloomingdale, N. Y.

Winifred Purdy is teaching in Canton, N. Y.

Consuela Reid is teaching in Saranac Inn, N. Y.

Don Roberts is teaching in North Tarrytown, N. Y.

Irene Roberts is teaching in Brush-ton, N. Y.

Helen Rooney is employed with M. P. Myers here in Plattsburgh.

Martin Rooney is teaching in the Greenburg High School of White Plains, N. Y.

Edna Roosa is teaching at Barker, N. Y.



Harold Ryan is teaching in Keeseville, N. Y.

Jane Ryan is teaching in Malone, N. Y.

Helen Sellstrom is teaching in Westfield, N. Y.

Geraldine Sennett is teaching in Norwood, N. Y.

Andrew Siesko is teaching in Somerville, N. J.

Constance Signor is teaching in Wilmington, N. Y.

Margaret Simpson is teaching in Lake Clear Junction, N. Y.

Helen Sleight is doing office work in New York City.

Dorothea Solomon is teaching in a business school in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Geraldine Thiesen is teaching in Crown Point, N. Y.

Helen Torrance is a member of the faculty at Ausable Forks, N. Y.

Francis Trunt is teaching in the Middletown High School, Middletown, N. Y.

Adeline Urban is teaching in Valatie, N. Y.

Sophia VanBenschoten is teaching at Fishers Island, N. Y.

Bernard Vanderwater is teaching at East Williamson, N. Y.

Harry Webster is a member of the faculty at Brasher Falls, N. Y.

Ida Weinstock is a substitute teacher at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Mildred Wilcox is teaching in the Oakfield High School, Oakfield, N. Y.

Donald Wilkes is teaching in East Carthage, N. Y.

Ann Worthington is teaching in Smithtown, L. I., N. Y.

Roy Blackmer is teaching in Mayville, N. Y.

Mary Gallagan is teaching in her home town, North Tarrytown, N. Y.

Viola Hoyt is teaching in Coeymans, N. Y.

Lillian Heath is secretary to the principal of Northside High School, Corning, N. Y.

Class of 1929

Albert Angell is teaching in the Drake Business College, Paterson, N. J.

Helen Baker is working in a law office in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Mabel Brewer is teaching in Waterloo, N. Y.

Andrew Broadwell is teaching in Cadyville, N. Y.

Mae P. Brown is teaching at Islip, L. I., N. Y.

Genevieve Bush is teaching in Forest, N. Y.

Bob Carpenter is teaching in Mohawk, N. Y.

Arlene Chapman is teaching at South Fallsburg, N. Y.

Mary Clark is a member of the faculty at North Tarrytown, N. Y.

Joyce Creswell is a teacher at Hornell, N. Y.

Esther Cushner is teaching at Groton, N. Y.

Katherine Degenhardt is a member of the faculty in the Port Henry High School, Port Henry, N. Y.

Ann Dorfman is teaching in Glen Cove High School, Glen Cove, N. Y.

Joe Donovan is teaching in Indian Lake, N. Y.

Marguerite Fairbanks is teaching in Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Bob Farnsworth is teaching in Fairport, N. Y.

George Gallant is a member of the faculty at Potsdam, N. Y.

Bernice Giles completed the course at the Plattsburgh Business Institute and is now working in an office in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Christine Hale is teaching at Deposit, N. Y.



Pauline Hurling has a secretarial position in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Irene Hitz is a member of the faculty at Hampton Bay, L. I., N. Y.

Sarah Hull is teaching at Fishers Island, N. Y.

Alberta Todd is teaching in Roscoe, N. Y.

Dorothy Mars Turnbull is living in Albany, N. Y.

Marion King is taking the business course at the Plattsburgh Business Institute, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Ward Magoon is teaching in St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Gertrude Marsh is working in a law office in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Helen Montany is teaching in the Cuba High School, Cuba, N. Y.

Anne Mulholland is a member of a newspaper staff in New York City.

Mary O'Connell is teaching in Norfolk, N. Y.

Thomas O'Neill is teaching in Walton, N. Y.

Sheard Parker is teaching in the Babylon High School, Babylon, L. I., N. Y.

Ruth Siddons is teaching in Lakewood, N. Y.

Abbie Shea is a member of the Hoosick Falls faculty.

Mary Stinger Clough is teaching in Gowanda, N. Y.

Lillian Stone is a member of the faculty at Adams, N. Y.

Cora Vanderburgh is teaching in Bayshore, L. I., N. Y.

Esther Weiner is teaching in Oneida, N. Y.

Mary Wheeler is teaching in North Lawrence, N. Y.

Ruth Siddons is teaching in Ticonderoga, N. Y.

Celia Zeph has a secretarial position in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Earl Walroth is teaching in Alexandria Bay, N. Y.

Class of 1928

Jane Behan is teaching in West Hampton Beach, L. I., N. Y.

Margaret Canning is teaching in Dannemora, N. Y.

Theresa Clute, of Whitehall, is teaching at Whitehall, N. Y. Theresa went to Boston University this summer and made a brilliant record there—of course, we would expect that of Theresa.

Helen Douglass has a position in Dannemora, N. Y.

Ann Finnegan is teaching in West Albany, N. Y.

Helen Gove is living at her home in Peru.

Margaret M. Hagen is teaching in Glen Cove, L. I., N. Y.

Helen Jackson is a teacher in her home town, Hampton Bay, L. I., N. Y.

Craig Martin is teaching in Oneonta, N. Y.

Marjorie Martin is now teaching in Buffalo, N. Y.

Evelyn McCloy is teaching in Cloister, N. J.

Sylvia Melofsky is teaching in Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Evelyn Isabel Sleight is teaching in West Albany, N. Y.

Dorothy Riley is at her home in Morrisonville, N. Y.

Adelaide White is teaching in Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Class of 1927

Mrs. John Truman Kahler, née J. Beth Austin, is living in Richford, Vt., and is the mother of a young son.



Elbert Barrington is teaching in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Gus" Cosgrove is teaching in the Freeport High School, Freeport, N. Y. He received a B.S. in Education from N. Y. U. in 1930 and is now working for an M.A. in the same university. He is chairman of the commercial department, Freeport High School, Freeport, N. Y.; he is a charter member of the Kappa Delta Pi Fraternity, Beta Pi Chapter, N. Y. U., and a member of Phi Delta Kappa Fraternity, Rho Chapter, N. Y. U. (National Honorary Fraternity). He is also treasurer of the N. Y. U. Commercial Teachers' Club, editor of the N. Y. U. Commercial Club *News Bulletin*, treasurer of Freeport's Schoolmasters' League, and faculty advisor of the Freeport High School newspaper. What more can any man say?

Marie Cronin is living at her home in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Madge M. Curry is teaching in the Warwick Grammar School, Warwick, N. Y.

Frank P. Haron is teaching in Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.

Mary Hughes is teaching in Fort Edward, N. Y.

Helen Judge is living in Albany, N. Y.

Marion E. Turk is teaching in the Freeport High School, Freeport, L. I., N. Y. She left Whitesboro last year.

Betty Lawless is leaving Amsterdam to come to the Freeport High School, Freeport, L. I., N. Y.

Mildred McGrath is teaching in Whitehall, N. Y.

Mrs. Angela Geroux Nadeau, of Westport, is teaching at Hudson Falls. Mr. Nadeau, also a graduate of the Plattsburgh State Normal School, is

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earning a degree—we have been unable to ascertain at which university.

"Pop" Ryan, president of the class of '27, is teaching at the Packard Business School, New York City.

Vera Schoenweiss is in charge of penmanship at Patchogue, L. I., N. Y.

Inez Siddons is teaching in South Hampton, L. I., N. Y.

Mrs. Chester Skiff, née Dorothy Smith, has a daughter and is living in Greenwich, N. Y.

Molly Stanton, now Mrs. Marvin, is living in Elizabethtown, N. Y.

Anna Woodward is teaching in Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.

Class of 1926

Harold Benway, now a married man of two years, is teaching his first year in Jersey City.

Mary Brennan has a teaching position in Dannemora, N. Y.

Nellie Cardilla is teaching in Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Bernard Darrah has bought a home in Townley, N. J. He is teaching in Newark, N. J.

Elizabeth Ellis is teaching in Fulton, N. Y.

Mrs. Hildegard Mentley Alley is teaching in Rochester, N. Y.

Margaret Tunney is teaching in Amityville, N. Y.

Francis Ryan is teaching in Piermont, N. Y.

Magdeline Sennett is teaching in Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.

Mrs. Bernard Selleck, née Margaret Sorenson, is living in Setauket, N. Y.

Maryland Wing is teaching in Port Jefferson, N. Y.

Class of 1925

Bertha Bullis is now located at Long Beach, Calif.



Mary Grimes is teaching at Mechanicville, N. Y.

Katherine M. Kiley is teaching in Peekskill, N. Y.

Norma Kohl is teaching in Piermont, N. Y.

Foster W. Loso and wife are still living in Elizabeth, N. J., where Foster teaches in one of the Junior high schools. By the way, he has his M.A. and is very nearly finished for a Ph.D.

Hannah Marvin has a teaching position in Bolton, N. Y.

Kay O'Connell, now Mrs. Reed, is living in Bermuda.

Rita M. Rooney, now Mrs. S. D. Quinn, is teaching in Keeseville, N. Y.

Laura Sorell is teaching in the Keeseville High School, Keeseville, N. Y.

Helen McCaffrey is teaching in the public schools of Hoosick, N. Y.

Lila Wagemaker, now Mrs. E. J. Bruno, is teaching at Warners, N. Y.

Lulu Wagemaker, now Mrs. D. Throckmorton, is teaching in Caldwell, N. J.

Class of 1924

J. Francis Gallagher is now assistant director of public education in the city schools of Elizabeth, N. J. Francis is the daddy of a fourteen-months-old baby girl.

C. W. Hamilton and Foster W. Loso have a Junior Business Training book on the press. Prentice Hall, Inc., are the publishers.

Class of 1923

Edward B. Dodds is teaching in the Port Washington High School, Port Washington, N. Y. Mr. Dodds is president of the Plattsburgh State Normal School Alumni Association, Eastern Division. "Ed" is working for his

B.S. in education degree at New York University.

Stella M. Downs, now Mrs. Frank Hobart, is living in Gabriels, N. Y.

"Hat" Bradley is married and living at Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y. She is now Mrs. J. J. Stamm. She has one son four years old.

Class of 1922

Lily Carlin is teaching in Kenmore, N. Y.

Raymond S. Frazier is teaching in the Kenmore High School, Kenmore, N. Y.

Marion Landrey is now Mrs. Howard Haynes. Marion is teaching in Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Anne Newman is now Mrs. H. Neasmith. She lives in Kenmore but continues to teach in Tonawanda.

Marion Sherrard and Agnes Foley expect to receive degrees at the June commencement of the University of Buffalo.

Class of 1921

Florence Fielding married John F. Coddington and is living at Hornell. They have a son.

Dorothy Tjeerdsma is teaching in Kenmore, N. Y.

Ruth Abrahamson is teaching in Jamestown, N. Y.

Class of 1920

Olive Lundy is married and living at Northport, N. Y.

Class of 1919

Maude D. Dugan is head of the commercial department of the Chatham High School, Chatham, N. J.



Margaret Renison is now Mrs. Townshend. Her address is Cristobal, Canal Zone, Panama.

Ethel Comins of Clayton is now teaching in the New York City system at South Ozone, L. I., N. Y.

Class of 1918

Kathryn Haller married Kenneth F. Hubbs and now lives at Smithtown Branch, L. I., N. Y.

Ruth I. Slater is now Mrs. Charles A. Wyer. She is a graduate of Teachers' College, Columbia, and teaches in the Plainfield High School, Plainfield, N. J.

Mrs. L. W. Singer, née Frances Abrahamson, is living in Syracuse, N. Y.

Class of 1917

Catherine I. Colligan is children's agent of Clinton County, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Adelle E. Mattson is teaching in the Freeport High School, Freeport, L. I., N. Y.

Helen Hawkins married LeRoy Vallgraff and is the mother of five children. They live at Lake Ronkonkoma, L. I., N. Y.

Marie Kornhauser-Jacoby lives at Wilmington, Del.

Class of 1915

Halcyon LaPoint (Mrs. John H. Rusterholtz) taught in the Plattsburgh State Normal School during the absence of Miss Ketchum. All the students expressed the desire that she were a permanent faculty member. Mrs. Rusterholtz is a graduate of Teachers' College, Columbia.

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Class of 1914

Charles W. Hamilton is now the principal of the Junior High School in Elizabeth, N. J. He is also director of business education in that city. His summers are spent in teaching at Rutgers University and in running a boys' camp at East Waterford, Me.

Class of 1912

Mrs. Nellie M. Gammon reports eighteen years' service in the commercial department of the Leonia High School, Leonia, N. J. She tells us that there were just seven members in her graduating class.

Class of 1910

Dr. F. G. Marshall is now practicing as an osteopathic physician in the City of New York.

Class of 1904

Esther N. Wolfe Ohriner is teaching in P. S. No. 225, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Class of 1903

Kate H. Fee is head of the commercial department at Collingswood, N. J., and is vice-president of the High School Commercial Teachers' Association of the State of New Jersey.

Class of 1902

Winifred O'Mara LaDuke teaches in a New York City school and lives at Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.

Mary F. Worley is now Mrs. J. M. Johnson of Ridgewood, N. J.

Class of 1900

Ruth E. Cochran is vice-principal and mathematics instructor in the Freeport High School, Freeport, N. Y.



Class of 1897

Alice E. Barker, now Mrs. Carl Boettiger, lives at Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.

ALUMNI NEWS

F. O. Allen is teaching bookkeeping and law at Mamaroneck Senior High School.

Spencer Ames is a member of the faculty in Elizabeth, N. J.

Helen Ausman still works in an office in Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Mrs. J. G. Bagg reports a son studying medicine at Physicians' and Surgeons' College, another son a junior at Wesleyan, and a daughter at Mount Holyoke College. She plans to attend the banquet in May.

Gladys Barber is a member of the faculty at Elizabethtown, N. Y.

Harold Benway is married and is living in Elizabeth, N. J. He moved into the Newark, N. J., system last fall.

Judy Bishop is teaching in Bloomingdale, N. Y.

Roy Blackmar is a member of the faculty at Mayville, N. Y.

Mrs. Sarah L. Broome, another P. S. N. S. graduate, is in the school at North Tarrytown, N. Y.

Mrs. Huldah Hoag Brown, although not a graduate of P. S. N. S., attended there in 1905. She is principal of a school in Stratford, Conn.

Miss Esther N. Caplan is now teaching at Yonkers, N. Y.

Miss Hazel Caplan is now Mrs. D. Levine and lives in Brooklyn with her husband and one son.

Ethel M. Carlson is teaching in Bay Shore, L. I., N. Y.

Miss Ida Cohn is now Mrs. M. Hirschbaum and lives in New York City.

Mae Chellis is a member of the faculty at Malone, N. Y.

Winifred V. Coleman is teaching at Cold Spring-on-Hudson and will receive a degree of B.S. in education at New York University this June.

Hugh Conway is employed as a teacher at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Watson G. Croosman is completing his tenth year in the Peekskill High School.

Miss Mary Cross wrote in this year from Hempstead, N. Y.

Harriet Davey, now Mrs. Bryant W. Seaman, is living in Garden City, N. Y.

Myra Parsons Dalton was three years in Lawrence, L. I., N. Y., twelve years in High School of Commerce, Yonkers, N. Y., and is now head of the secretarial department of Roosevelt High School, Yonkers, N. Y.

Catherine Degenhardt is employed in the schools at Port Henry, N. Y.

Martha Donehue '18, now Mrs. Theodore Moreau of Freehold, N. J., reports being married in 1928 and is the proud mother of a baby boy. She tells us that her sister is now Mrs. Cleon Cheeseman of Orlando, Fla. Some of the old "grads" will recall the famous "Donehue Twins."

John Dupras is a member of the Philmont faculty at Philmont, N. Y.

Miss Erickson is teaching in the school at Valley Stream, N. Y.

Pauline Gaily Ernst is married and living in Rochester, N. Y.

Maude Fifield's husband died last December and she is now operating the Scientific Beauty Shoppe in Friendship, N. Y.

Evelyn Forcier is a member of the faculty at New Russia, N. Y.

Katherine Robb Fritz is teaching in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



Pearl Giles Field is teaching mathematics in the junior high school in Valley Stream, N. Y.

Miss Mary M. Galvin was married in 1920 and has a boy ten years of age.

Elizabeth M. Gilliland is teaching in the public schools of Glen Cove, N. Y.

Ruth Norton Hamilton (Mrs. Samuel W. Hamilton), although not on alumnus, was a teacher of kindergarten training from 1901-06. She is living in White Plains, N. Y.

Mrs. Thomas A. Hanophy (Kathleen McCarthy) lives in Oyster Bay, L. I., N. Y.

Marie B. Hansa is still teaching in the Mamaroneck Senior High School, and tells us she has finished her work for a B.S. in education at N. Y. U.

Mrs. Marion L. Haycock is now living in Pemberton, N. J. Her son Robert is attending Clarkson Tech at Potsdam, N. Y.

The Misses Irene and Madeline Hitz "Flivvered" to California and back last summer taking in parts of Canada and Mexico *en route*. Madeline is teaching in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Irene is teaching in Hampton Bays, L. I., N. Y.

Mrs. A. B. Holm, née Lucille Gil-land, was married in 1924 and has one son. She is living in Newark, N. J.

Miss Mary M. Hood is teaching a second grade in Marshall School in South Orange, N. J.

Greta Howes is teaching in Passaic, N. J.

Leda Mock King is married and living in Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Leo S. Kornhauser is still teaching accounting and office practice in the Elizabeth, N. J., school. Leo has his M.C.S. and B.C.S. from the School of Commerce of New York University and is a member of several honorary societies there.

Lorena Kuhn is teaching in the United States Veterans' Hospital, Palo Alto, Calif.

Harriet Lavison passed the New York City examination on May 2, 1930, and is now teaching in the Abraham Lincoln High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Carrie B. Lee married George W. Rose, Jr., July 24, 1923, one child born in 1928; is living at Malverne, L. I., N. Y.

Katherine McCaffrey is married to Ross Shafer of Cortland, N. Y. They have one son.

Genevieve S. McCannah of Ticonderoga, who shortly after graduation married James E. Watson, is the proud mother of three children, two boys and a girl. Mr. Watson is the principal of the grammar school at North Tarrytown, N. Y.

Arlene McGaully is teaching in a school in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ruth Langford Merchant is living in Delmar, N. Y.

Esther Merwin is teaching in St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Evelyn Messenger is a member of the faculty in Passaic, N. J.

James Morrissey is a member of the faculty in the Packard School in New York City.

Mary Morrissey is teaching in Yonkers, N. Y.

Katherine Murphy passed the New York City examination on May 2, 1930, and is now teaching in an elementary school in Staten Island.

Anna M. Noon teaches in the Hendrick Hudson High School at Montrose, N. Y.

Mae Norcross, who is now Mrs. Allen Bell, is living in Eastport, L. I., N. Y. She is the proud mother of two sons.

Gladys A. Niver reports in this year from Union City, N. J.



Mary O'Sullivan passed the New York City examination on May 2, 1930, and is now teaching in the Bushwick High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Eunice Bradley Pearsall, of Valley Stream, became the mother of a baby girl on January 4, 1931.

Myrtle Gages-Pipher lives in Schenectady, N. Y.

Anna Renison is teaching at Irvington, N. J.

Robert G. Rienzi reports receiving a B.S. in accounting at N. Y. U. in 1930 and is still teaching in the high school at Garfield, N. J.

Mrs. Sarah Hagar Sherlock, the mother of two girls, is now teaching in the Carteret School, Bloomfield, N. J.

W. H. Smith tells us that he is director of school savings in Albany, N. Y., and also head of the commercial department, Part-Time School, in the same city.

Ethel M. Staffor is now Mrs. Herbert D. VanTassel living at Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Cecelia Troudeau is at Shrub Oak, a suburb of Peekskill, N. Y.

Margaret Tunney is teaching in the Amityville High School, Amityville, L. I., N. Y.

Ruby Turner teaches at Falconer, N. Y.

Carl E. Whitney is now an attorney living in White Plains, N. Y.

John Whalen is still at the School of Commerce at Yonkers and teaches night school in Peekskill, N. Y.

Priscilla William teaches in Copiague but lives in Amityville, N. Y.

Bobby Zinginsler (Mrs. Ginsberg) is teaching in James Monroe High in New York City.

Ruth Signor is now Mrs. Stratton and is living in Rye, N. Y.

Claire Downs is teaching in Owls Head, N. Y.

Mrs. Sumner Cook, who was Miss Cox while attending Plattsburgh State Normal and who is now teaching in Salmon River, has a daughter, Irene, who expects to enter Normal in September.

The alumni meeting this year will be held at the Hotel McAlpin in New York City, May 9, 1931.

Engagements

Virginia Whiting, class of 1931, announced her engagement to A. B. Burrell January 3, 1931.

Eleanor Cunningham, class of 1930, is engaged to Nathan Church, principal of the Plattsburgh Junior High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Oriana Falcon, class of 1930, has announced her engagement to Martin Trayner, Jr.

Jean Slowey, class of 1930, is engaged to James Newman of Montauk, L. I., N. Y.

Mary Clark, class of 1929, announced her engagement to Lisle Denicore on February 12, 1931.

Mae P. Brown, class of 1929, is engaged to Art Columbe of Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Ellen Whitty, class of 1929, is engaged to Mr. Peter Fields.

Katherine Baxter, class of 1921, who is teaching at Lawrence, L. I., N. Y., is engaged to be married this summer. We have been unable to find out the lucky man's name.

Frank Pender of the class of 1930 and Blanche Whitman of the class of 1931 are engaged.

Marriages

Elizabeth Hawkins married Harry Kehoe of Plattsburgh, N. Y., on Octo-

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ber 10, 1930. Mr. and Mrs. Kehoe reside at 123 Court Street, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Marjorie H. Call, class of 1929, was married to Wesley L. Pelkey of Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Mary De Vasto, class of 1929, was married on August 25, 1930, to Jack Smith of Newburgh. They are now living in California.

Patricia Macheski, class of 1929, was married August 30, 1930, to Lee Kimball, formerly of Plattsburgh. They are now living in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Margaret Strickland, class of 1929, was married to F. B. Parker, of Lowville, N. Y.

Hannah Armstrong, class of 1928, became Mrs. Arthur E. Yerdon on September 24, 1930. Mr. and Mrs. Yerdon are living in Massena, N. Y.

Fannie Collins, class of 1928, married C. A. Harrison, of Amityville, L. I., N. Y., on August 28, 1930. She is still teaching at the Farmingdale High School, Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y.

Francis Morhous, class of 1928, head of the commercial department in West Carthage, was married on June 29, 1930, to Miss Frances V. Smith, of Springfield, Mass.

Laura Parsons, class of 1928, was married to Curtis Lull of St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Dora Anthony, class of 1927, was married August 30, 1930, to Carl L. Forshee. Mr. and Mrs. Forshee are living in Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Frances Allen, class of 1926, was married to Andrew Huntington.

Winifred Call, class of 1926, is now Mrs. Halpin.

Gertrude Heath, class of 1925, was married to Louis Drinkwine, also of the class of 1925.

Kay O'Connell, class of 1925, married Lieutenant Reed and is living in Bermuda.

Margaret Ringquist, class of 1924, married Frederick A. Travers, Jr., of Baltimore, Md., and is living in Baltimore. She has charge of school savings for Eutaw Savings Bank.

Ruth Ringquist, class of 1924, married Halcome Moore of Jamestown. Mrs. Moore is still teaching in the Salamanca schools.

Mary Behan, class of 1923, of Plattsburgh, married Harry Ingills of East Hampton, L. I., N. Y., on August 15, 1930. We have been told that they had the usual sign "Just Married" on their car and underneath it was the slogan, "Watch East Hampton Grow."

Esther Papineau, class of 1921, was married to George McCormick last July. At present Mr. and Mrs. McCormick live in Saranac Lake, N. Y.

James A. Lyons, formerly of Plattsburgh, was married June 24 to Helen Emperor, also of the class of 1921. Mr. Lyons is head of the Spanish department in the Port Washington High School.

Sylvia Johnson, class of 1920, was married last summer to Mr. Samelson.

Margaret A. Reed married F. E. Hulse, of Greenport, L. I., N. Y., on May 30, 1930.

Births

Mrs. Cowan, the former Bernice Bel-lows, has a son, Leon Howard.

Mrs. Charles Silver, the former Doris Fraser, has a daughter.



Freshmen After Intelligence Tests

See the happy moron, too dumb to even cram.
I wish I were a moron; good night—perhaps I am!

Wilbur (as they drive along the lonely road): You look lovelier to me every minute. Do you know what that is the sign of?

Claire: Sure, you are about to run out of gas.

Some Juniors return to Normal as fresh as a daisy, while others return as dazed as a freshie.

Results of a Masquerade

I gazed into her eyes—(deep blue)
And touched her tiny hand—(thrills flew)
Her sparkling silver dress—(so thin)
My steaming senses swam—(bad gin)
I whispered something low—(so sweet)
Collapsed enamoured at her feet.
On crimson lips a sneer—(like ice)
She raised her lacy mask—My Wife!

Betty Thomson (admiring one of Ginger's drawings): Ginger, why in the world didn't you take up art?

Ginger: Well, didn't I?



THE APPELOW STUDIO

P.S.N.S. SUMMER SCHOOL 1930



Laff That Off

"Laff That Off," produced under the auspices of the CARDINAL Staff, was one of the most successful entertainments of the year. Under the excellent direction of Mr. Hartman, the play proved to be deliciously humorous, and its interesting plot kept the audience in no little suspense. The cast was as follows:

Robert Elton Morse, "Remorse"	Eric Hansen
Arthur Lindeau	Ralph Pombrio
Mrs. Connelly	Annette Watson
Leo Mitchell	Claude Wood
Emmy, "Moppupus"	Pauline Trombly
Peggy Bryant	Blanche Whitman
Mike Connelly	Bradford Sterling

Each member of the cast gave an excellent and intelligent interpretation of the character assumed. The business management was handled by Charles Funnell while Virginia Whiting was in charge of financial management and Publicity. Much of the success of the play is due to the "men behind the scenes." The property men were Loryne B. Connick, Glen S. Austen and Laurence Thornton. Stage assistant was Helen Winkler. All deserve commendation for their untiring efforts

One hundred fifty-eight





I Am Music

"Servant and Master am I, servant of those dead, and master of those living. Through me spirits immortal speak the message that makes the world weep, and wonder, and worship.

"I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves, and the story that damns. I am the incense upon which prayers float to Heaven. I am the smoke which piles over the field of battle where men lie dying with me on their lips.

"I am close to the marriage altar and when the graves open, I stand nearby. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths, I open the lips of lovers, and through me the dead whisper to the living.

"One I serve as I serve all; and the King I made my slave as I subject his slave. I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on rock-ribbed shores, the sighing of winds in the trees, and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on city streets.

"I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers; I am the father of the best that is in them, and they are fathers of the best that is in me; I am of them and they are of me. For I am the Instrument of God."

I AM MUSIC





Men's Glee Club

At the opening of school last fall, an invitation was extended to all the young men of P. S. N. S. to join the Men's Glee Club. Practically every young man in the school enrolled. On October 9, at the first meeting of the club, Miss Kathleen McAloon was chosen accompanist and the following officers elected:

President—Lewis L. Smith,
Vice-President—Bradford Sterling,
Secretary—Roderick D. Buckley,
Treasurer—Raymond Brown,
Librarian—Robert E. Lasher.

Under the able direction of Professor Lyndon R. Street, weekly rehearsals were held. The result of his time and effort was shown in an assembly program presented December 11, 1930, in a joint concert at the Junior High School on January 19, 1931, and in the National Music Week Program.

MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

Tenors

Raymond Brown
John Collins
Loryne Connick
Bruce Deane
Wilbur Edmonds
Harold Hartwell
Robert Lasher
Francis Pierce
Bradford Sterling
Everett Thomas

Basses

Glen Austen
Roderick Buckley
Charles Funnell
John Gadway
Eric Hansen
Victor Kelley
Ralph Pombrio
Lewis Smith
Joseph Trombly

RODERICK D. BUCKLEY,
Secretary.





Mixed Chorus

The Mixed Chorus, which is a combination of Men's and Girls' Glee Clubs with additional voices, was organized on October 8, 1930. It has seventy-five members enrolled. At its first meeting the following officers were chosen:

Director—Lyndon R. Street,	Secretary—Bernice King
Accompanist—Kathleen McAloon,	Librarian—Veronica LaBombard,
President—Wilbur Edmonds,	Committee for Entertainments—Helen
Vice-President—Helen Socia,	Carpenter, Francis Pierce, Bradford
Treasurer—Mabel Horstman,	Sterling.

Sopranos

Jeanette Ballard	Florence Gonyea	Helen McGrath
Margaret Bourey	Ruth Gonyea	Irene McGrath
Frances Bratt	Marguerite Hawley	Emily Myette
Margaret Brennan	Pearl Hedding	Magdalena Mykalosky
Mildred Broderick	Mabel Horstman	Marion Nichols
Eveline Brothers	Bernice King	Catherine Parnaby
Marian Call	Doris King	Bertha Sharrow
Helen Carpenter	Veronica LaBombard	Patricia Shipman
Cecelia Chaszar	Pearl LaPlante	Helen Socia
Margaret Coopy	Mildred Leazott	Janet Sprague
Elsie Crammond	Marion Lu!!	Margaret Trautenberg
Lena Delaire	Marion Lynch	Pauline Trombly
Kathryn Evans		Mae Webster

Contraltos

Raymah Arnold	Elizabeth Jones	Evelyn Savage
Rebecca Baker	Anne LeVarn	Claire Senecal
Kathryn Dawes	Dorothy McAuliffe	Marian Slezak
Agnes Finnegan	Margaret Quinn	Dorothy Tart
Anna Fogg	Rowena Roblee	Muriel Thompson
Katherine Hamilton	Margaret Ryan	Louise Washburn
Elsie Irwin		Alice Welden

Tenors

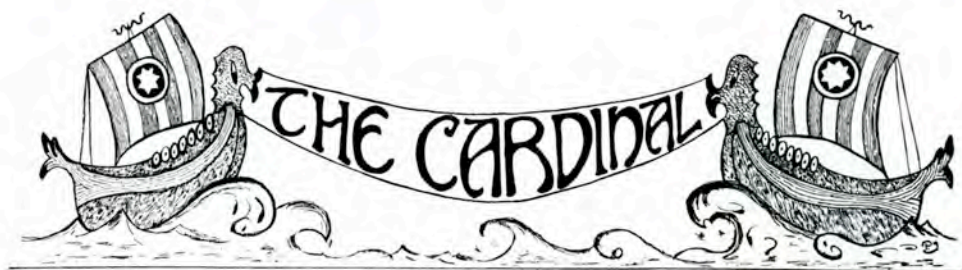
Raymond Brown	Bruce Deane	Francis Pierce
John Collins	Wilbur Edmonds	Bradford Sterling
Loryne Connick	Harold Hartwell	Everett Thomas
	Robert Lasher	

Basses

Glen Austen	John Gadway	Ralph Pombrio
Roderick Buckley	Eric Hansen	Lewis Smith
Charles Funnell	Victor Kelley	Joseph Trombly

BERNICE KING,
Secretary.





Girls' Glee Club

The P. S. N. S. Girls' Glee Club was first organized in the fall of 1925, under the direction of Lyndon R. Street, music director of the Normal School. At this time, due to the large student body, it was necessary to organize two girls' glee clubs, to be known as the Junior and Senior Clubs. The following year, members of the Junior Club automatically became members of the Senior Club.

Last year it was deemed advisable to have just one club. Over one hundred voices "tried out" and a membership of seventy-five was retained.

This year the number has diminished to thirty-six. Competition was keen and a group of well-selected voices rehearse once a week, preparing various programs.

They have given several performances, one of which was given in assembly; another one being at the occasion of the performance given by the Indian chief, Deyokah.

One of their most outstanding events occurred Friday night of the National Music Week.

The Girls' Glee Club has for its officers:

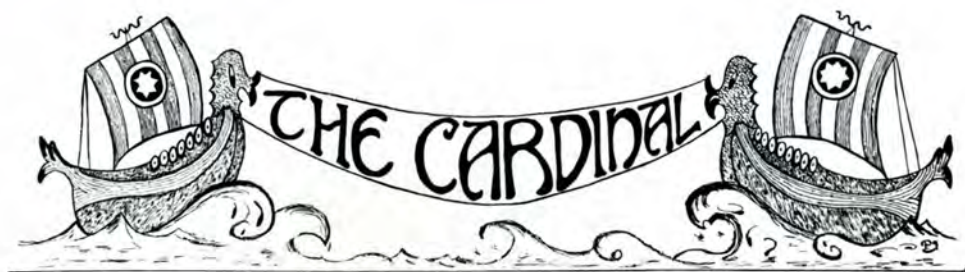
Director—Prof. Lyndon R. Street,	Treasurer—Marion Nichols,
Accompanist—Kathleen McAloon,	Secretary—Margaret Bourey,
President—Elizabeth R. Jones,	Librarian—Margaret Coopy.
Vice-President—Patricia Shipman,	

MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

Rebecca Baker	Margaret Bourey	Ruth Gonyea
Margaret Brennan	Marian Call	Catherine Hamilton
Francis Bratt	Catherine Evans	Marguerite Hawley
Mildred Broderick	Agnes Finnegan	Elizabeth Jones
Margaret Coopy	Florence Gonyea	Doris King
Mildred Leazott	Emily Myette	Patricia Shipman
Ann LeVarn	Magadelina Mykalosky	Muriel Thompson
Marion Lull	Marion Nichols	Margaret Trautenberg
Helene McGrath	Catherine Parnaby	Pauline Trombly
Irene McGrath	Nina Roys	Claire Senecal
	Dorothy Tart	

MARGARET BOUREY,
Secretary.





“Twin-Klef Club”

The “Twin-Klef Club” is just what the word designates—the reading of two clefs. This club was organized in January under the direction of Prof. Lyndon R. Street. It consists of a selected group of voices from the Girls’ and Men’s Glee Clubs. Its purpose is to put forth some of the finer music in the National Music Week program and in the Lake Placid Music Festival. Miss McAloon is the accompanist. The members are as follows:

Girls

Rebecca Baker
Francis Bratt
Margaret Coopy
Florence Gonyea

Ruth Gonyea
Ann Levarn
Marion Lull

Marion Nichols
Patricia Shipman
Dorothy Tart
Muriel Thompson

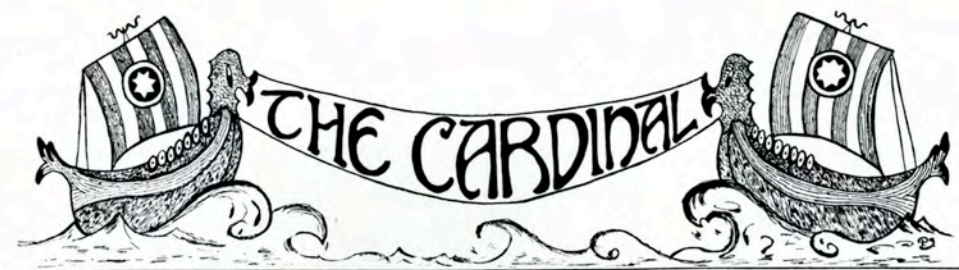
Men

Glen Austen
Raymond Brown
Loryne Connick
Bruce Dean

Wilbur Edmonds
John Gadway
Eric Hansen
Harold Hartwell
Victor Kelley

Francis Pierce
Ralph Pombrio
Lewis Smith
Joseph Trombly





Orchestra

Director

PROF. LYNDON R. STREET

Piano

KATHLEEN McALOON

First Violins

MARGARET BRENNAN

HAROLD HARTWELL

JOSEPH TROMBLY

CLAUDE WOOD

Second Violins

DORIS KING

FRANCIS PIERCE

Violoncello

KATHERINE BROWN

Bass Viol

PROF. JOHN RUSTERHOLTZ

Bass Horn

JOHN GADWAY

Saxophone

WILBUR EDMONDS

Clarinet

RAYMOND BROWN

Drums

GLEN AUSTEN





Music Association

The P. S. N. S. Music Association was first organized in the fall of 1929, for the purpose of developing a better appreciation for music and to bring to the student body the best type of artists obtainable. Members of all music classes, Girls' Glee Club, Men's Glee Club, Orchestra, "Twin-Klef" Club and the Mixed Chorus are eligible for membership. This year, the Music Association is bigger and better than ever. For two consecutive years, Ralph Pombrio has been its president. Much credit is due to the president of the Association and his officers for the splendid success of this large group of students. On February 3, 1931, officers were elected as follows:

President—Ralph Pombrio,
Vice-President—Magdalena Mykalosky,
Secretary—Frances Holland,
Treasurer—Bruce Deane,
Advisor—Lyndon R. Street.

MEMBERS OF THE ORGANIZATION

Seniors

Glen Austen	Catherine Hamilton	Marion Nichols
Rebecca Baker	Eric Hansen	Catherine Parnaby
Frances Bratt	Marguerite Hawley	Ralph Pombrio
Mildred Broderick	Elsie Irwin	Avedia Reid
Katherine Brown	Elizabeth Jones	Nina Roys
Raymond Brown	Victor Kelley	Evelyn Savage
John Collins	Pearl LaPlante	Claire Senecal
Loryne Connick	Robert Lasher	Bertha Sharrow
Kathryn Dawes	Anne LeVarn	Lewis Smith
Bruce Deane	Marion Lull	Muriel Thompson
Wilbur Edmonds	Dorothy McAuliffe	Margaret Trautenberg
Charles Funnell	Dorothy Miles	Joseph Trombly
John Gadway	Magdalena Mykalosky	Pauline Trombly
Florence Gonyea		Alice Welden



Juniors

Dorothy Anderson
Lillian Arthur
Margaret Brennan
Sybil Brown
Roderick Buckley
Marion Call
Elizabeth Carey
Elsie Crammond
Lena DeLaire
Genevieve Douglass
Lyda Drowne
Catherine Evans
Mary Finessey
Harold Hartwell
Pearl Hedding
Mary Hickey

Ann Humphrey
Frances Hunter
Ida Jacques
Ruth Jennett
Frankie Johnson
Grace Johnson
Patricia Kelly
Doris King
Mildred Leazott
Maefred Loupe
Kathleen McAloon
Helene McGrath
Irene McGrath
Kathryn McKinney
Alice Pardy
Martha Patnode
Rose Patnode

Elizabeth Phelps
Francis Pierce
Eleanor Pyle
Margaret Quinn
Margaret Racette
Margaret Ryan
Patricia Shipman
Helen Socia
Gladys Stickney
Dorothy Tart
Lillis Vaughn
Louise Washburn
Mae Webster
Vera Weightman
Anita Wolcott
Edna Wright

Freshmen

Ruth Alpert
Raymah Arnold
Jeanette Bailey
Jeanette Ballard
Bernice Beardsley
Florence Beauvais
Evelyn Bennette
T. Frances Bisonnette
Mila Bola
Margaret Bourey
Evelyn Brothers
Helen Carpenter
Mildred Carter
Elizabeth Clifton

Marjorie Columbe
Margaret Coopy
Eleanor Cutting
Margaret Drown
Muriel Ducharme
Agnes Finnegan
Anna Fogg
Ruth Gonyea
Eleanor Grogan
Frances Hanlon
Frances Holland
Bertha Jacques
Bernice King
Veronica LaBombard
Geraldine Layman

Louise Lenaghan
Marie McCormick
Frances McNally
Grace Martin
Emogene Miller
Eleanor Morrison
Madeline Nichols
Christina Reed
Edna Rivers
Rowena Roblee
Janet Sprague
Reginald Stark
Marjorie Stickney
Laura Taylor

FRANCES HOLLAND,

Secretary.

One hundred seventy-four



Activities



Assembly Programs

December 11, 1930.....	Girls' Glee Club, Men's Glee Club, Mixed Chorus and Orchestra
January 19.....	Chief Deyokah, basso, assisted by Girls' Glee Club, Men's Glee Club and Mixed Chorus
February 5.....	"Twin-Klef" Club, Orchestra, and solo- ists, Misses Armstrong, Bratt, Lull and Mr. Francis Pierce
May 7.....	Cantata "The Courtship of Miles Stand- ish," by P. S. N. S. Grade Choral Society



Fifth Annual National Music Week Program

- Friday Afternoon, May 1.....Atwater Kent Audition
- Friday Evening, May 1.....Winners of audition and all normal school
music organizations including the Grade
Choral Society of one hundred voices
- Saturday Afternoon, May 2.....Northern-Northwestern New York Dis-
trict High School Band Contest
- Saturday Evening, May 2.....Winners of the above contest and the
Potsdam State Normal School Girls'
Band of forty pieces
- Monday Evening, May 4.....Second Adirondack Men's Glee Club
Conclave
- Tuesday Evening, May 5.....Clinton County Chorus
- Wednesday Evening, May 6.....Interscholastic Chorus Glee Club and
Orchestra Festival
- Thursday Evening, May 7.....Plattsburgh Symphony Orchestra



Music

M—is for music, finest of arts,
U—is for unison minus the parts,
S—is for singing at assembly time,
I—is for instruments which determine the time,
C—is for choir for a chosen few,
Music for all, whatever we do.

RALPH POMBRIO, '31.

One hundred seventy-six



Jokes



Roommate: Do you think Mr. Street likes you?

Freshman: Yes, I know he does, because he puts kisses all over my quizzes.

Miss O'Brien (reading methods class): Now you all know what a coat of arms is?

Class in unison: Yes.

Miss O'Brien: And I suppose you all have one.

Patty Shipman: Oh, yes, we all have coats with arms in them.

Liz Washburn: Peg, do you know that you are driving me crazy?

Peg Brennan: Yes—and don't you love it?

Peg Devany: Pardon me, but isn't that a hair on the apple you're eating?

Marie Kinney: Impossible! This is a Baldwin.

Resolved: That the students take up a collection for the purpose of buying Mr. Wilkes a colorimeter so that he may easily determine when things are "off color."

Some one made the clever suggestion to Miss O'Brien that she should eliminate all the A, B, and C students from her test, but she thought she would use a better method. "Class count off by twos. Now all the ones sit on this side and all the twos sit on that side. Then there won't be any cheating."

First Frosh: What shall we do tonight?

Second Frosh: I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll go to the movies; tails we go to the dance, and if it stands on end, we'll study that geography.

Professor Noyes: A fool can ask more questions than ten professors can answer.

Joe Teti: No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams!

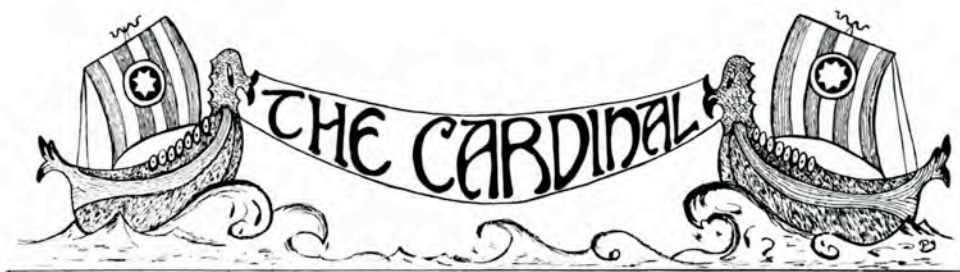
Mr. Diebolt (Lit. II): Will someone give me an illustration of sentiment?

Louise Washburne: Three little words.

Recipe for ridding a dog of fleas: Take one dog (any breed) infested by fleas. Spray liberally with alcohol until the fleas become intoxicated. Then roll the dog in the sand, so that the fleas will throw rocks and kill each other.

Mr. Diebolt: What should you do when someone steps on your feet at a dance?

Glen Austen: Wear smaller shoes.



To Miss Carroll:

There once was a brilliant professor
Whose pupils knew lesser and lesser,
She said in despair,
"I don't really care,
But there's even no fairly good guesser."

Better Call an Ambulance!

Frankie: Why weren't you over to see me last night?

Charlie: I'll tell you, Honey, I was a sick man.

Frankie: What seemed to be the trouble?

Charlie: Oh, just another attack of clothing sickness.

Frankie: Clothing sickness! What is that?

Charlie: My tongue was coated and my breath came in short pants, so the doctor said I couldn't go out.

Vic Kelley (arrested for speeding): But, your Honor, I am a Normal boy.
Judge: Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody in this case.

Micky (in economics): Mr. Diebolt, did you read in the paper about the outbreak in Ohio?

Diebolt: No, tell us about it.

Micky: Well, all the motorcycle cops on horseback tried to keep the people back.

Bob: But, honest, I don't know what I said to hurt your feelings.

Anna Fogg: Any d-decent man would apologize f-f-first and find out what he was s-s-sorry for afterwards.

Miss Carroll: Name two capes on the Atlantic Coast that are boy's names.

Junior: Cape Henry. (After a long pause Rod Buckley raised his hand.)

Miss Carroll: What is the other one, Roderick?

Rod: Cod.

Miss Carroll: I've known boys who were like fish, but I never knew one to be called cod.

Mr. Thompson: If Columbus were alive today, wouldn't he be looked upon as a remarkable man?

Ethel Relation: I'll tell the world! He would be five hundred years old.

One hundred seventy-nine



Mr. Wilkes: Your hair will be gray if it keeps on.

Mr. Brown: Well, if it keeps on, I shan't mind.

Miss Goodridge (giving orders to the class to go into the auditorium for a test): We will now pass out in groups.

Peg Brennan: Boy, that certainly is killing her class in haste!

Mr. Brown (in art II): Will you explain the meaning of "technique."

Ed Lavigne: Well, there are many kinds of technique.

Mr. Brown: I guess I'll have to explain it myself, he knows too much.

Heard in sociology class—

Mr. Noyes (as Corinne yawns): You don't mind if I work on the outside this morning, do you, Miss Bahringer?

Ethel Relation (pointing to a dog in the building): What kind of dog is that?

Mr. Thompson: A lost dog.

Sybil Brown: That girl gets under my skin.

Alice Pardy: Gee, Syb, aren't you big enough now?

Wilbur: If you keep on looking at me like that I'm going to kiss you.

Claire: Well, I can't keep this expression all day.

Ed Lavigne: Mae, darling, I have decided to give up my career as a doctor, and to remain in the teaching profession.

Mae: Why have you changed your mind?

Ed: Because I would have to remain a bachelor too long.

Pat Kelly: May I sharpen my pencil?

Mr. Brown: No!

Pat: But it's so blunt I can't work.

Mr. Brown: You're pretty sharp yourself, so you can use that for a while.

Mr. Wilkes: If any more of this bookkeeping is handed in late I certainly am going to "take off."

Mr. Hartman: Now follow me, class! Are there any questions?

Margaret Coopy: Yes, where are you going?



NORMAL COMPARISONS

- Wilbur Edmonds.....The Portrait of a Male Butterfly—an unruly thatch of hair—Rudy Vallee—"The Thinker"—"with the gold of yellow pumpkins reflected in his shoes."
- Bradford Sterling.....Little Boy Blue—the Jester—teacher's pet.
- Margaret Dunn.....The Ideal Student—a hand waving in air when other hands are still.
- Eleanora Haak.....Lace Valentines — "Seventeen" — credulity supreme — friends.
- Joseph Teti.....Man about town—the measured swing of key on watch chain—Demosthenes—me to the contrary.
- Charles Funnell.....Everybody's friend -- "Tea for Two"—What the well-dressed man will wear—gentlemen prefer blondes (??).
- Elizabeth Lee.....The nonchalance of a sailboat in the breeze.
- Corinne Bahringer.....Questionnaire—prudence—rows and rows of neatly tabulated figures—starched gingham.
- Laurence Thornton.....Irish luck—suavity—Alibi Al.
- Everett Thomas.....The quiet thoroughness of a swan on a mirrored lake—the depth of an organ tone at twilight.
- Mae Tecklenburg.....Femininity supreme—the charm of an old-fashioned nosegay.
- John Gadway.....A diamond in the rough—magnetic smile—"The blazing orange of the setting sun has rested 'neath his chin."
- Loryne Connick.....Those entrancing locks — buttercup — the handy man about the house.
- Geraldine Rockerfeller....Peter Pan.
- Blanche Whitman.....Scarlet poppies — jazz orchestras — frat pins — house parties.
- Claire Senecal.....The glow of firelight—dusk—old ivory.
- Ralph Pombrio.....The merchant prince.
- Frances Bratt.....Red hair—tiny freckled-speckled nose—comradeship—brisk walks and hot chocolates—bidding hearts and winning—going domestic with a Funnell.
- Marguerite Hawley.....The smoothness of an oriental rug—long tapers in silver candelabra—willow trees—dignity.
- Eric Hansen.....Dead-Eye Dick—The Whistler and His Dog—and the courage of his convictions was in his eye—ever loyal to his King—in oratory it is he and Patrick Henry.

"When do we first hear of Daniel Boone in history?"

No answer.

"Well, well, don't any of you know Daniel?"

Rose Patnode: "Not personally."



Miss Ketchum: Are you chewing gum again, Miss Bratt?

Frankie: No, ma'am.

Miss Ketchum: Then what have you in your mouth?

Frankie: A tongue, thirty-two teeth, and a cough drop that my Charlie gave me.

Charlie, Jr.: Please.

Frankie: No!

Oh, pretty please.

No!

Please, just this once.

I said NO!

Aw, please, ma; all the other kids are going barefoot.

Mr. Thompson: It takes brains to get anywhere today.

Mr. Smith: Yep, that's why so many people use other means of transportation.

Theme Songs

Psychology—There She Goes—My Suppressed Desire.

Principles of Education—Thinking of You.

Commercial Math—I Hope I Haven't Made a Mistake in You.

Geography—I'm Sitting on Top of the World.

Palmer Method—Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own.

Accounting—I'm All at Sea.

Economic Geography—Rambling Through the Roses.

Vocational Education—Drifting and Dreaming.

Banking and Finance—Sleepy Time Gal.

Health Education—You're Driving Me Crazy.

Economics—I'm in the Market For You.

Miss Whitley: Now, class, just buckle down and get to work.

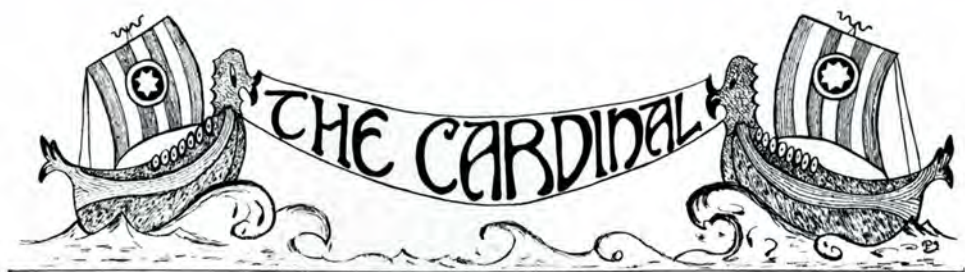
VanderSchaaff: But, Miss Whitley, I haven't any buckles.

Professor Thompson: The third time I was going down, I thought of everything bad I had ever done.

Claire Senecal: Impossible!

Mr. Diebolt: Miss Chaszer, you may stay out of the class three weeks for whispering.

Cecilia: How long could I stay out if I talked out loud?



What do you suppose Miss Carroll would have said if she had heard Mr. Diebolt say to his history methods class: "The Mississippi River has been bringing down *sentiment* for years and years."

"Do you think that Doris is fitted for the battle of life?"

"Well, she ought to be; she's been in four engagements already."

Mr. Hartman (Lit. class—day before vacation—taking roll): You know, class, that it counts double when you are absent the day before or the day after vacation.

Marian Call: But Mr. Hartman, how much is twice zero?

And then there was the Clio tag day when poor John Gadway had to buy two tags, one of which bore this notation: To John, God gave him twenty cents; we took it!

Bit by Bit

Florence Wilson (suspiciously): How is the hash made here?

Frenchie: Made, ma'am? 'Ash ain't made—it just accumulates.

Vic Kelly: Mr. Thompson, is there any consideration in the contract of marriage?

Mr. Thompson: You had better see me privately in answer to that question.

In reading methods class Miss O'Brien using a monocle hears an outburst from Gen Douglas. Says Miss O'Brien: What seems to be the trouble?

Gen: What do you do with the other eye?

Mr. Diebolt: By the natural law of adaptation, those things that are required for life's existence will become prominent.

Mr. Wilkes: Well, Mr. Diebolt, if I were to take a guess, I'd say you were wrong. I need hair and I haven't got it.

Helen Bromley: You know that sheik has as much sense as a barn door.

Irene Hosley: Are you sure of that? If you get a barn door off the trolley you can get it back on; but I doubt if you could get him back on.

"I hear that your cousin Ted has settled in Chicago and is making a lot of money. What is he, a stock broker?"

"No, dear, he's a florist."



AGO HOUSE

When it's time for the rice and old shoes,
Then a good friend we're all going to lose;
 For Virginia'll be wed
 That's her "Art" instead
Of teaching, and well did she choose.

Where Flossie is found so is Al.
"Though she says he is only a pal,
 We wonder, do you?
 For he surely is true,
And Flossie's a swell little gal.

From "Yonkajs" hails Peg—that's THE CITY,
Perhaps that is why she's so witty.
 She's so full of fun,
 That all gloom will run.
She has a weakness for blondes—what a pity!

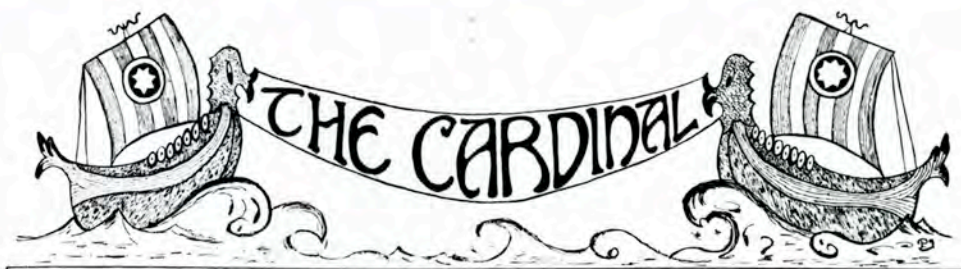
There is a young man named Ed.
Soon Marie and he will be wed.
 And say, can she cook!
 Well, just take a look
At the girls in the house whom she's fed.

Peg Hawley is lucky all right,
For no matter how dark is the night
 Nor how gloomy the day
 She can always say
She has with her, her "Ray o' Light."

When Betty's around there's no gloom
For she'll talk you right out of the room.
 Pete says, "Shall we go?"
 "Flip a coin, then we'll know."
She's superstitious, as now you'll assume.

Adelle is a cook sure enough,
And the newlyweds must have it tough,
 For on them she tries
 All new kinds of pies
So when she's married she won't have to bluff.

Eve doesn't live here—not now,
But we'd be lost without her, I vow,
 For her warm sunny smile
 Cheers us up all the while,
Just a girl we all love, and how!



Just an athletic girl is Irene.
Near a ball game she's sure to be seen.
 When her work is all done
 She's ready for fun—
She'll climb mountains and just for the scene.

From "dear old Erin" is Pat
A Junior we're proud of for that.
 A spitfire indeed,
 But a true friend in need,
An artist, aspiring, mayhap.

A young Scottish maiden is Gen
For bridge she has quite a yen.
 Her good humor and wit
 Never leave her a bit
"Though she eats every night after ten.

Mary is sweet you'll all say.
She'd rock in one chair all the day.
 On the radio she'll tune in
 To hear "Rudy" croonin'
Or ride in Stuart's fine coupe.

M. E. K.

"So your an actor, eh!" muttered the stout man in the corner seat. "Well, I'm a banker, and would you believe it, I haven't been in a theatre in ten years."

"That's nothing," said the other breezily. "I haven't been in a bank for twenty years."

Helen Plumley: Mary, do me a favor tonight?

Mary Kelly: Yes, what is it?

Helen: If you see a Ford I wanta "dodge."

Notice! Anyone knowing who put the dimples in Peg Ryan's complexion please send all information to Mr. H. Otis Noyes.

Daughter and her boy friend have an endurance record, they stay up until 2 a.m. without refueling.

"Oh! Won't you buy me that handkerchief? It costs only a dollar."

"Nothing doing! That's too much to blow in."

"All extremely smart fellows are conceited."

"Oh, I don't know. I'm not."



Two and Two Make—?

On mules we find two legs behind,
And two we find before.
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for.

"I've got a Sherlock Holmth tooth," lisped little Miss Rivers.
"What sort of tooth is that?" asked Bob.
"'Slooth."

Ride and the girls ride with you; walk and you walk alone.

John Gadway (trying to cut his steak): Say, waiter, how was this steak cooked?

Waiter: It was smothered in onions, sir.

John: Well, it certainly died hard.

When the Seniors came around with their rostrum and term essays, you will notice that Mr. Noyes would ask them this: "You say your essay is entirely the result of your own efforts?" The stude replies, "Absolutely!" But did you ever hear him reply like this: "I'll say it is. I spent two weeks finding someone who had it written up."

"Give me an example of a collective noun."

"Garbage."

Betty: What did you do after the mid-year?

Flossie: Nothing to speak of.

Betty: Oh!

Mr. Wilkes: Larry, tell me about the statute of limitations.

Larry: Er, ah, you mean the marriage laws, sir?

"E"

The letter "E" is unfortunate. It is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger, and in hell all the time.

Marian (in tears): You've broken the promise you gave me.

Ron: Don't cry, sweetheart, I'll give you another.



Modern civilization: Madly cheering a hero, who can knock a little white ball in a little round hole.

Mike: Pat has worked himself up, hasn't he?

Murphy: How do you mean?

Mike: He used to be a chiropodist, and now he's a dentist.

Joe Teti: I thought you said this car wouldn't use much gas.

Dealer: It won't, sir; that is, if you don't put much in the tank.

Sign in Brush Studio: Art is one of the things that makes life worth living.

Ginger: How true!

Miss Ketchum, after reading a question in business organization, called on Claire Senecal for an answer.

Claire: I don't know.

Miss Ketchum: Of course, you don't know; where were you traveling, on a boat to Bermuda?

Cop: Hey, there, fellow, where to with that Ago after the school dance?

Pete: I'm taking her to a lecture, officer.

Cop: Who's giving a lecture at this late hour?

Pete: Her house mother, officer.

Larry: If I should give you a kiss, would you scream to the girls?

Irene: Not unless you wish to kiss the whole Ago House.

Grandpop: Bradford, isn't it time for little boys to go to bed?

Sterling: I don't know, old man; it doesn't interest me, for I have no children.

Betty: Whence cometh the black eye?

Marian: I went to a dance last night and was struck by the beauty of the place.

Bob: Out of my way, wretch—I'm riding with the hounds.

Another Peg: Give us a lift—I'm going to the dogs myself.

Ray Brown: How do you know that a street car just passed?

Charley Funny: I can see its tracks.



The Sensible Sentry

Who goes there?
 Elizabeth Clifton, a Freshman.
 Pass, Freshie.
 Who goes there?
 Francis Pierce, a Junior.
 Pass, Junior.
 Who goes there?
 Who wants to know?
 Pass, Senior.

Sweetheart of My Student Days.....	Flossie Wilson
Ninety-nine Out of a Hundred.....	John Gadway
Walking My Baby Back Home.....	Del Fraser
The Little Things in Life	Gerry Rockerfeller
Sleepy Town Express.....	Brad Sterling
Eleven-thirty Saturday Night.....	Marie Kinney
Betty Co-ed.....	Betty Thomson
An Old-fashioned Girl.....	Muriel Thompson
Wedding of the Painted Doll.....	Ginger Whiting
Learn to Croon.....	Wilbur Edmonds
Why	Ethel Relation
If You Haven't Got a Girl.....	Bob Lasher
Reaching for the Moon.....	Bertis VanderSchaaff
You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me.....	Mae Tecklenburg
Lonesome Lover	Glen Austen
Oh Baby, Be Careful With Those Eyes.....	Mad Pickenpack
Who's Calling You Sweetheart Tonight?.....	Doris Wooden
He's My Secret Passion.....	Bruce Deane
You're Driving Me Crazy.....	Peg Dunn
Sing Something Simple.....	Annette Watson
Ain't Misbehavin'.....	Helen Winkler
She's a Gorgeous Thing.....	Blanche Whitman
Hello Beautiful.....	Peg Hawley
There's Something Nice About Everyone.....	Maxine Fitch
Sing Song Girl.....	Marion Lull
Dancing With Tears in My Eyes.....	Marion Slezak
Singing a Song to the Stars.....	Anne LeVarn
Falling in Love Again.....	Larry Thornton
I'm Just the Words, You're the Melody.....	Peg Devany
Smile Darn You Smile.....	Ray Brown
I'm in the Market for You.....	Eric Hansen
Peanut Vender (ABC Peanut Corp.).....	Wilkes & Teti, Peanut Corp.
She'll Be Coming Down the Mountain When She Comes	Micky Mykalosky



Sonny Boy.....	John Collins
Happy Feet.....	Ralph Pombrio
Charlie, My Boy.....	Frankie Bratt
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.....	Mary Kelly
Tie a Little String Around Your Finger.....	Rusty
I'm Up On a Mountain.....	Irene Bruno
Laughing at Life.....	Cecelia Chaszar
I've Got Five Dollars.....	Betty Lee
Glad Rag Doll.....	Betty Jones
Just a Gigolo.....	Vic Kelley
Fifty Million Frenchmen.....	Irene McKillip
You're the Cream in My "Coffey".....	Irma Roth
Blue Again.....	Pearl LaPlante
I Hate Myself.....	Joe Teti
Cheerful Little Earful.....	Art Harvey
Bye Bye Blues.....	Class of 1931

Miss Carroll: Name an island possession of the United States.

Student: Huh? Why a——

Miss Carroll: Right.

Professor Hartman: Can you tell me where Goldsmith obtained his idea of the "Deserted Village"?

Stude: From a town in Scotland during a charity drive.

Hee: Lill? Oh, she's not as old as that!

Haw: Old? Why, that woman remembers the Big Dipper when it was just a drinking cup.

Sheriff Senecal: Last evening I distinctly saw my daughter sitting on your lap. What explanation have you to make?

Edmonds: Well, sir, you see, sir, I got here early, before the rest, sir.

"Why do you weep?" I said,
For tears were in her eyes.
She looked up timidly
Quite taken by surprise.
Then, through her falling tears,
A tender little smile revealing,
She simply pointed to
The onions she was peeling.



THE HEAVENS FELL

Saint Peter rose and shaded his eyes,
Frowning, he gazed afar
At people nearing the gate; then said,
"Now I wonder who they are?"

"Welcome, friends, what do you here?"
At first they said never a word,
Then they turned on the poor man and all
talked at once
And here is what Saint Peter heard—

"Oh! The aiah is simply atrocious"
As they espy a harmless worm—
"Oh, see! Over there in the corner,
It's a prehistoric germ."

"The color scheme could be better,
And I simply abhor those curves.
A person who looked at this gold all day
Would certainly develop nerves."

And as they stood there balking
One said, "What a terrible fix—
I've looked all over this whole darn place
And I can't find any toothpicks."

The harps were playing their sweetest
An angel was singing a song
When—full of wrath a voice shouted,
"This latitude is wrong."

And "Do you realize the significance of
The long white beard you wear?
Why don't you have it shingled?
It would be so much less care."

And "I really don't know how to say it—
For I hate to find fault so soon
But how can I enjoy myself, when
The harps are two tones off tune."



And "The music won't bother me at all
But the acoustics are way past bearing—
I've had such a difficult time on earth
That, really, I find it quite wearing."

And "I've taught for years at Normal
And really I ought to know,
I could scarcely read the sign at the gate,
Don't slant the letters so."

HELEN BROMLEY, '31.

Statistics compiled at the United States Bureau of Statistics from information given out at Plattsburgh State Normal School:

Fellows in Normal who have a date every night of the week.....	1%
Fellows wishing they had dates every night of the week.....	99%
Students who go to the library	90%
Students who find and get what they want at the library.....	5%
Students who think they have a drag with the teachers.....	50%
Students who really do have a drag.....	2%
Number of students who complain about teachers.....	10%
Number of students who really have a right to complain.....	0%
Number of Freshmen who think they are important.....	98%
Number of Freshmen who really are important.....	0%
Number of students who think Miss Carroll's class a cinch.....	0%

Ed Lavigne: You are the sunshine of my life. Your smile falls like lightning into my soul. With you by my side, I would defy all the storms of life.

Mae Webster: Is this a proposal or a weather report?

A certain enterprising poultry man has crossed his hens with parrots, to save time. He used to hunt around for the eggs. Now the hen walks up to him and says, "Hank, I just laid an egg. Go get it."

Diebolt: To what do you attribute the great number of automobile accidents today among the younger set?

Noyes: Refusal of the driver to release his clutch.



Proof Enough

Given: A Frosh and two cents.

To Prove: A Frosh is not worth two cents.

Proof:

A Frosh is a baby.....Proof enough

A baby is a crier.....Identity

A crier is one sent.....Western Union

One cent is not worth two cents.....Common sense

Therefore, a Frosh is not worth two cents.

Kelley: Do you know the Y dance?

Dot: No, but I'd love to learn.

Kelley: All right. Now I put my arm around your waist, you place your cheek against mine, and relax. Are you comfortable?

Dot: Uh-huh!

Vic: Why dance?

"Don'ts" for Freshmen

Don't burn it; it might be a book.

Don't kiss it; it might be Rudy Vallee.

Don't laugh at it; it may be an old joke.

Don't read it; it might be an assignment.

Don't question it; it might be Joe Teti.

Don't believe it; it might be a psychology prof.

Freshman Girl: Do you neck?

Senior: What?

She: Do you pet?

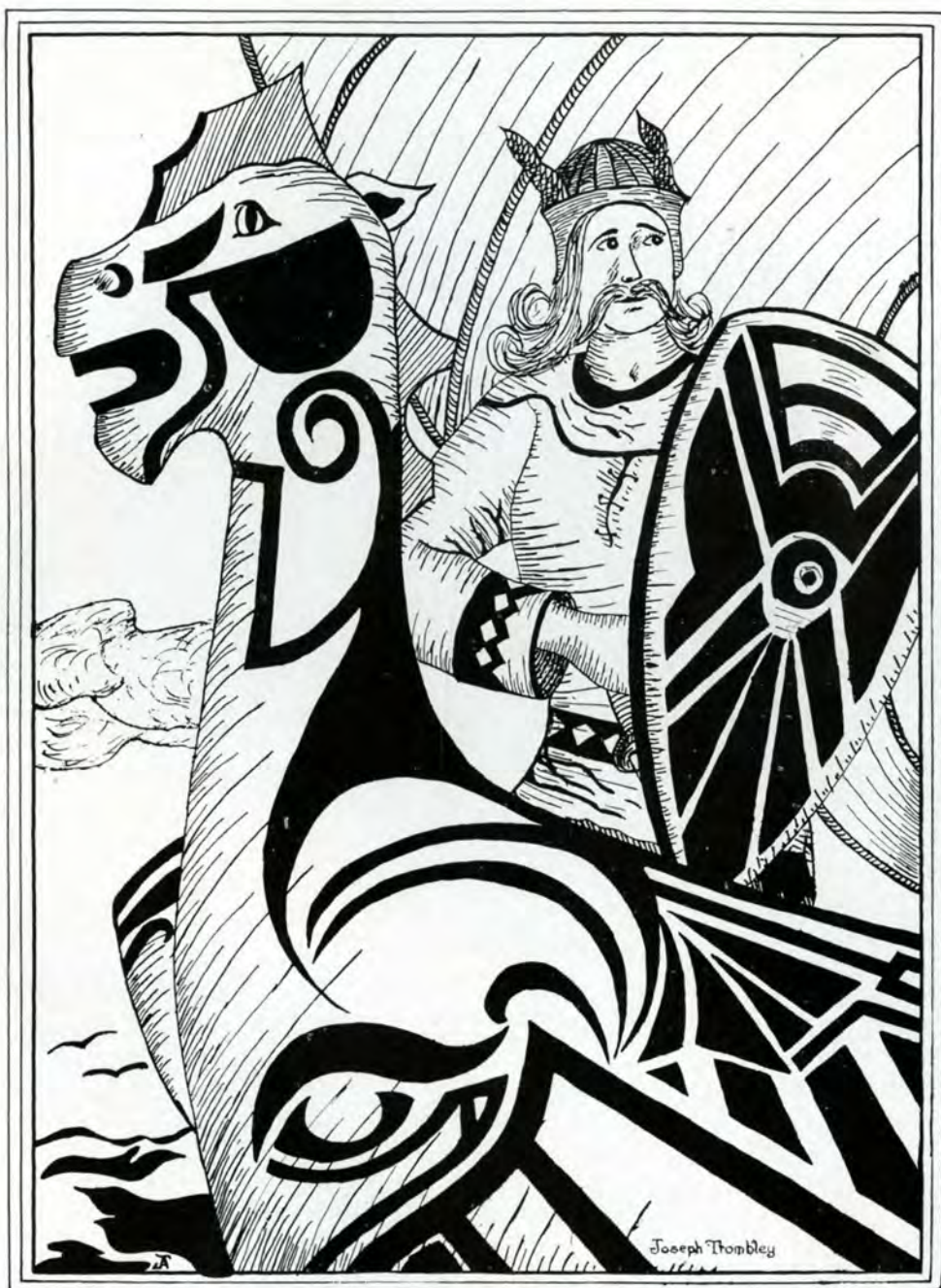
He: Pardon me?

She: Do you spoon?

He: Won't you please explain yourself?

She: Well, then, are you wont at various and sundry intervals, to indulge in demonstratively intimate friendships?

He: Why, certainly! Why didn't you say that at first?



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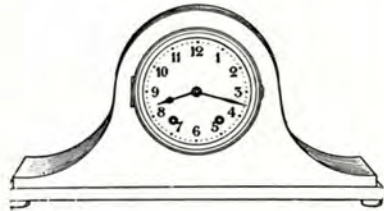
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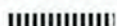
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